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BABY DAYS

A SELECTION OF

SONGS, STORIES, AND PICTURES,

FOR

VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS.

35
pms

300 ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW EDITION, WITH MUSIC.

SCRIBNER & CO., NEW-YORK.



[1879]

PZ 7
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NEW-YORK.



BABY DAYS.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

SELECTED FROM

ST. NICHOLAS,

SCRIBNER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

INTRODUCTION.

By the Editor of St. Nicholas.

TO THE BABIES.

Not little bits of babies. Oh,
Not little, little ones—Oh, no!
But babies just about your size,
Real girls and boys with opened eyes;
Girls who have babies of their own—
Dollies the sweetest ever known!—
And boys in trowsers or in frocks
Who don't mind falls and bumps and knocks.
Yes, boys and girls who've looked about,
Who like to laugh, and dare to shout,
Who know a horsey from a cat,
(You do? Oh, yes, I'm sure of that!);
Well, just such little ones as you
Will like this book and read it through.

If you *can't* read,—then there's mamma,
Or Jack or Kate, or dear papa,—
While you the pretty pictures seek,
They'll make the printed pages speak
And tell you all you wish to know,—
Why this and that are so and so.
You'll hear the doggies bark—"bow-wow!"
The donkeys bray, the kitties me-ouw,

Horses will leap, and children run,
And everything be full of fun—
For all the world with gladness plays,
When we are in our baby days.

We great big folks who love you so,
Were little once, ourselves, you know;
And you and we, by blessed right,
Are children in our Father's sight.
The world is God's own picture book;
He turns the pages while we look.
We read the stories, sing the songs,
And take what most to us belongs,
And spend our life-time just to know
Why this and that are so and so.

God bless us all, through all our ways,
And guide us in our baby days!



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Baby's Skies.

By M. C. Bartlett.

*Would you know the baby's skies?
Baby's skies are Mother's eyes.
Mother's eyes and smile together
Make the baby's pleasant weather.*

*Mother, keep your eyes from tears,
Keep your heart from foolish fears,
Keep your lips from dull complaining
Lest the baby think 't is raining.*

BABY DAYS.

FRED'S BASKET.

“You can’t guess what I have in my basket,” said Fred. “Oh, do tell us,” cried Fan, “and I will show you my nice ball.”

Fred took the ball, and May gave him a hug, which made his hat fall off. Then they took a peep, and what do you think they saw? Why, two little white mice, with pink ears.



DASH AND GREY.

“Oh, come, Bell,” said Kate, with a hop, skip, and jump; “come take a walk with me.”

“Oh yes,” said Bell, “let us go,” and she too had to hop, skip, and jump, she was so glad.



Down the lane they went, hand in hand, with a hop, skip, and jump, all in a lump, till they fell with a bump, just by a pump. But they were not hurt. Oh, dear no! not a bit!

“Oh, look!” said Bell, “look at Dash, and old Grey! Why, Grey must have told Dash that he was dry, oh so dry! and see! Dash has the rope fast. He looks up! he says, ‘Come to the pump, old Grey, and take all you want.’ I love Dash, don’t you?”



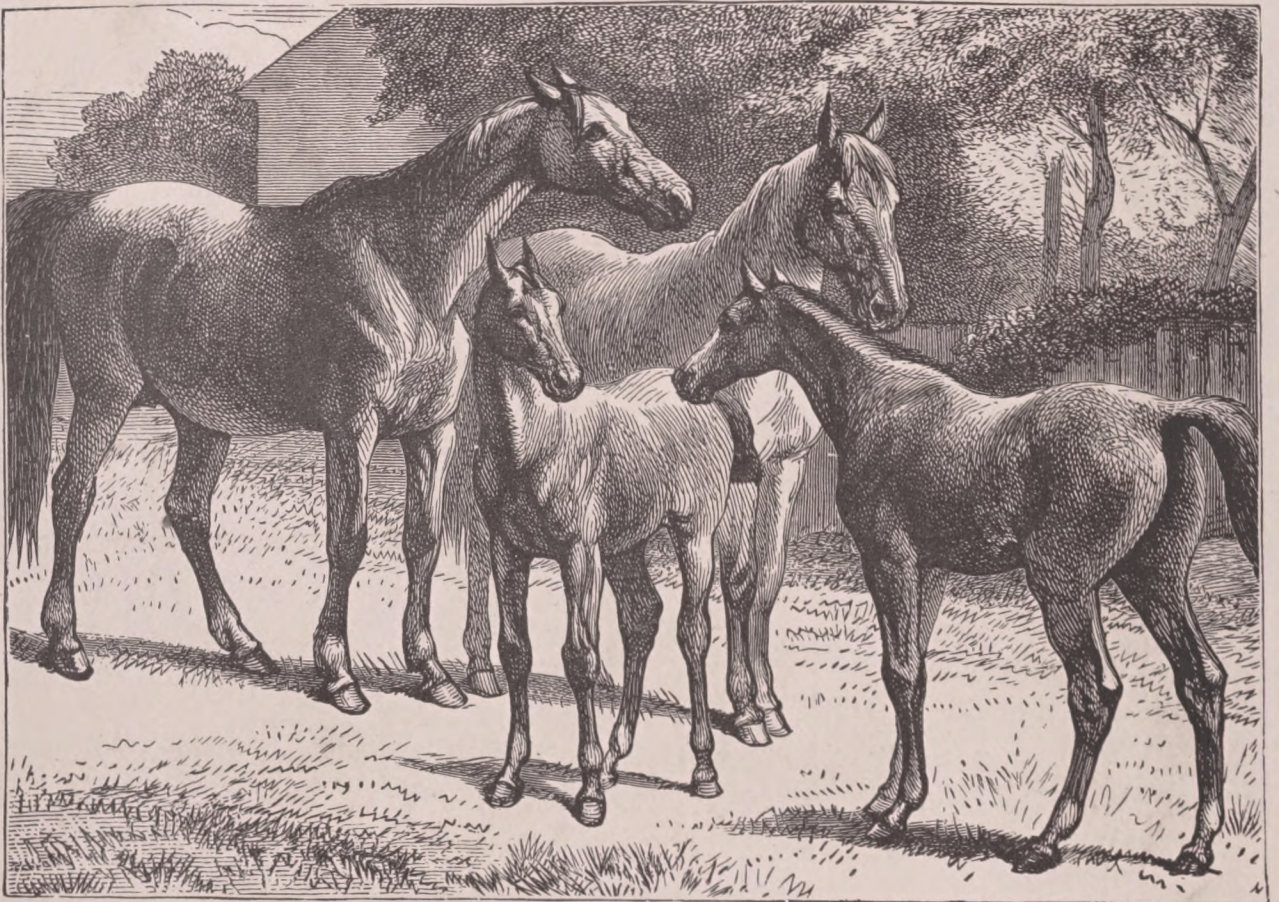


A ZEBRA AND ITS BABY.

MAJOR.

I AM Major. Come smooth my head and pull my ears. I wont bite. But don't step on my tail or strike my black nose. If you do, I shall bark.

Once a boy got on my back. Then he held fast by my ears, and said "Get up!" and away we went. It was such fun that he said "Ha! ha! ha!" and I said "Bow, wow-wow!"



A MOTHER-HORSE AND HER THREE COLTS.



MY PET LAMB.

WHEN I was a small boy, I had a nice pet. An old sheep had died, and John brought her lamb to the house. It was cold, and he said it would die. So he gave it to me.

I put the poor thing on the rug by the fire. I gave it some warm milk with a spoon. It drank some of the milk, and soon it



got up on its feet and said, "Ma! ma!" It was sad to hear it cry so, when the old sheep could not come.



At last it got quite well, and would run and play with me. Then it drank milk out of a dish. And soon it would eat grass in the yard. I had some fine games with my dear pet. I would run and hide, and wait for it to find me. Once I went to hide by a bank, and fell down a steep place. It was a deep ditch, and I could not get out. But the lamb came to find me, and stood by the ditch, and cried,



"Baa! baa!" I think it meant to call John. I cried too. Then John came and took me out.

When it was quite small, it would butt me with its head. It was in play; and I thought it great fun. I would get down on my hands and knees, and butt with it.



But as it grew large, it got to butt quite hard. "Don't do so!" I would say; but it did not know it hurt me. So

when it came to butt me, I would put down my head, and let it butt over me. But once, when I went to do so, a blade of grass tickled my nose. That made me lift my head, and the lamb hit me a hard blow.

Then I found I had taught him a bad trick. He would run at the boys and girls who came to the yard, and scare and hurt them. It was fun to him, but it was not fun to them!

So he grew to be a big ram, and we called his name Dan. He was not a nice pet any more, for he

would run at all of us, if we came near. So one day we thought we would play him a trick. It was this:

We took some of John's old clothes and stuffed them out with straw; we set them up on sticks, and put a big hat on top.

When he saw the thing, he thought it was some queer old man; so he ran at it with all his might.

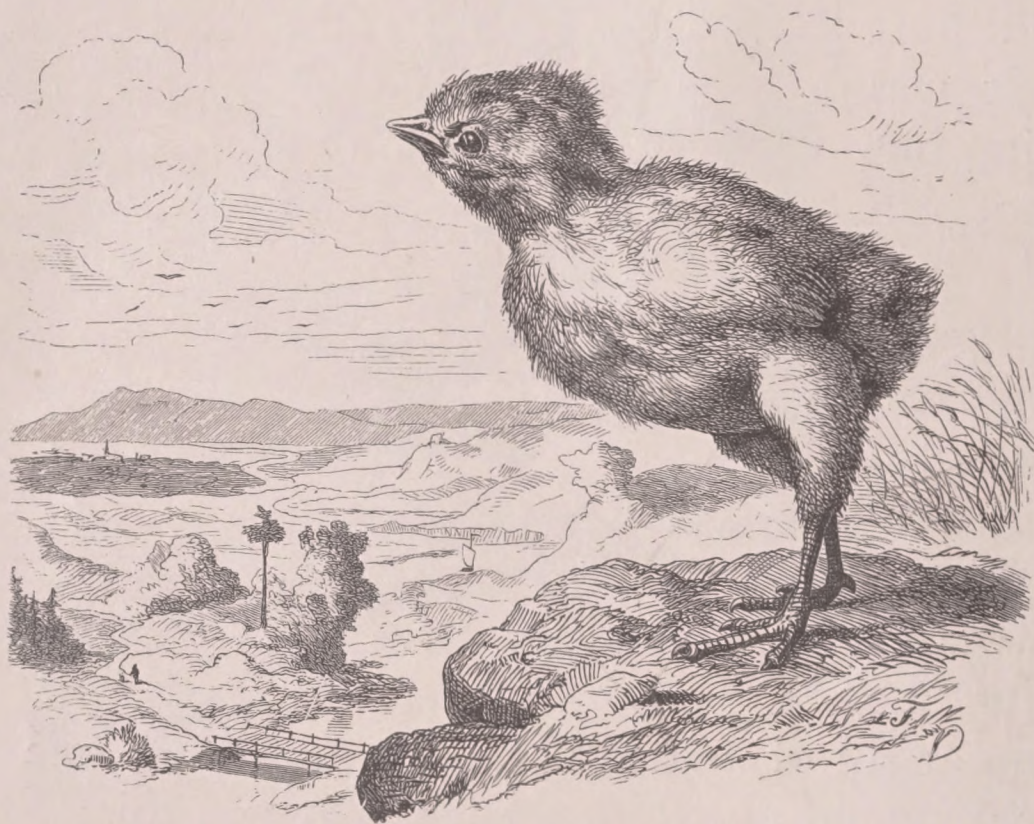
At last Dan got so bad he had to be sold. If you have a pet lamb, do not teach him to butt; he will turn out bad if you do.



RED-TOP SEEING THE WORLD.

“PEEP ! peep !” cried poor little Red-top. “I ran away from my mamma, and now I am lost—peep ! p-e-e-p ! What shall I do ?

“And—peep, p-e-e-p !—a bad boy came at me with a stick, to kill me all dead ; and I had to squeeze through SUCH a small hole in a fence ! A brown toad lived there. He tried to bite my nose off, but he could not find it—peep, peep ! And—peep, peep !—a dog, who had a long tail, made fun of mine. He said, ‘ Bow, wow, wow ! what a tail ! why, it ’s no tail at all ! ’—peep, p-e-e-p !



“Then I ran up here, where I can see the whole world. Dear me, how big it is ! I am so cold, and I want to eat a worm ! My mamma knows how to scratch for them—I don’t. Oh ! where is she ?—peep ! Mamma, mam-ma—peep ! Oh, if I could find her, I would never, NEVER run away again—peep ! p-e-e-e-e-p !”



THE CUNNING LITTLE LAMB THAT KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.



“OH, see that girl and snow-white lamb !”

Said pretty Kassy Carr.

“Dear little girl, what is your name ?”

The lammie answered, “Ba-a !”

“Your head and tiny feet are bare,”

Said pretty Kassy Carr ;

“Come, tell me, did you run away ?”

The lammie answered, “Ba-a !”

“I came to see you,” said the child ;

“I ’m little Eva Starr ;

And lammie would not stay behind.”

Said lammie, nodding, “Ba-a !”

“Look ! mother there is picking beans,”

Said pretty Kassy Carr ;

“Come in—she ’ll give the lammie some.”

Said lammie, frisking, “Ba-a !”

“And father, he is cutting grass,”

Said pretty Kassy Carr ;

“Would lammie like to roll in it ?”

Said lammie, skipping, “Ba-a !”

Then Eva, running through the gate,

Kissed pretty Kassy Carr ;

And nodding, frisking, skipping, went

The lammie, saying, “Ba-a !”

POMPEY AND THE FLY.



“ I WONDER,” thought Pompey, the dog, “ what that fly will do when he gets to the top of that board ? Will he jump off, or fly off, or just stop ? What a lot of legs he has ! Or, perhaps they are arms. He has too many for such a little fellow. I am glad I am not a fly.” And the fly, who

was looking backward at Pompey, thought to itself, "I wonder why that dog is sitting there so still? Why does he not climb up a board? I am glad I am not a dog."

THE MOUSE AND THE BUMBLE-BEE.

THERE was once a bumble-bee who used to go every day to gather honey, and as he was the most of the time away from home, he could not keep his house neat and tidy. So he got a motherly-looking old mouse to keep house for him. The next day, after the mouse had finished her morning's work, and was out of doors to get a breath of fresh air, a mud-dauber came along. He said, "Good morning, Mrs. Mouse! What are you doing here?"

She answered, "I am keeping house for Mr. Bumble-bee."

"Can I come and live with you?" said the mud-dauber.

"Oh no!" she replied. "We cannot have anyone who daubs mud around the house." So he went away.

Then came a rat. "How are you, Mrs. Mouse?" said he. "I would like to live with you."

"No, Mr. Rat, you cannot," said the mouse, "for you will eat our cheese and gnaw our table-cloths." So the rat went away.

He had just gone, when a large grey hen came along. She also asked the mouse if she might live with her.

The mouse said, "What can you do, old hen?"

The hen said she could lay a fresh egg every day. So the mouse told her she might stay. The hen soon found some straw and laid an egg. The mouse went to a neighbor's house and got some cheese. Just then, the bumble-bee came home with some honey. So they had a fresh egg, some cheese and honey for dinner, and they were all well pleased.

THE JAPANESE MAMMA AND BABY.

THIS is the way they carry the baby in Japan. The mother, or older sister, or nurse, holds him on her back, or ties him on with straps. They call him "ko," which means



child or baby. Isn't he fat? Almost all the Japanese babies are fat and rosy. Somebody has called Japan the Paradise of Babies. Do you see how his hair is cut? His little head is shaved in front, except one wide lock, which is "banged." His eyes are looking right at you. He seems to think: "Why, what a funny-looking baby you are! You're not a Japanese 'ko,' are you?"

HOW THE STRANGER BOUGHT A COW FOR TWO HENS.

"OH! oh! my old hens are dead," cried old Mrs. Jollypole, "and what shall I do? I shall have no eggs to make custard, no eggs to boil for our supper."

Her little grandson Rey looked up and said, "No eggs; but we'll have bread and milk, and that's good, gran'ma."

"Yes, but eggs are better," said Grandma Jollypole, and then she put on her sun-bonnet, to carry some socks she

had knitted to Deacon Dean's wife. Little Rey sat in the door-way and watched for her return. A man came along with a wagon-load of hens and roosters in coops.

"Can you give me a drink?" said the driver to Rey.

"Yes, sir," said Rey; and he brought out a bowlful of milk. The man drank every drop of it, and then he asked,

"Well, what shall I give you for it? A penny?"

"My gran'ma wants two hens, for hers are dead," said Rey. "I'd like the hens 'stead of the penny, though gran'ma never takes anything."

"Well," said the man, "I'd give you two hens instead of the penny, but hens cost a good many pennies. What else could you give me for them beside the milk?"



"Well," said Rey, "there's Whitey, the cow." He pointed to a white cow eating grass by the wayside. "I'll be solly to have her go away," he said, "because she eats out of my hand; but gran'ma says eggs are better than milk."

The man laughed, and then set down a coop with two nice hens in it at Rey's feet; and he said, "Let's shake hands, little man, on our bargain."

Rey shook hands, and then he went and patted the cow.

“Good-by, Whitey,” he said; “I like you better ’n eggs!”
But the man had mounted his wagon.

“Wont you take her with you now?” asked Rey.

“I’ll come back when I want her,” answered the man;
and then he drove away.

It was not long before old Mrs. Jollypole came home.

“Oh, see!” cried Rey. “A man gave me these two nice
hens for the cow, and now you can have eggs, gran’ma!”

“What!” cried his grandma, ready to faint at the bad
news. But the smiles came back to her face when she saw
Whitey chewing her cud just back of the cottage.

“He is coming for her when he wants her,” said Rey.
But the man never came again.



Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady
Upon a white horse.

Rings on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
She shall have music
Wherever she goes.

DOCTOR WILLIE.

ONE rainy day, Susie was singing her doll to sleep.
“There, darling!” she said, putting dolly in her cradle;
“now you are asleep, and your poor mamma can rest.”



Just then her brother Willie came into the room. He wanted to play with somebody, and so he said :

“Oh, Susie! Let us play that Dolly is sick, and that you are the mother and I am the doctor.”

Susie was all smiles and delight in a minute. She patted

her doll, saying tenderly, "Don't cry, darling ; the doctor is coming to make you well."

Willie put on his papa's coat, took out his toy-watch, and making his boots creak, walked up to Susie with :

"How do you do, Mrs. Brown?"

"How do you do, Doctor?" said Susie.

"How is the baby to-day?" asked Doctor Willie.

"Very sick," said its mother.

"Does she sleep at night?" said the doctor.

"No, never! And she has only one arm."

"Indeed!" said the doctor. "Then it must be measles. Let me feel her pulse."

"Would you like to feel her pulse in her other arm, too?" asked Susie. "May be I can find it."

"No," this will do," said the doctor. "You must give her some peppermint and put her in a warm bath."

Susie jumped up to put some water on the stove to get warm, when just then the golden sunshine flashed out, and a great piece of blue sky appeared through a rift in the clouds.

Dolly did not get the warm bath, but was put to sleep instead, while her little mamma and the doctor ran joyfully out, to play in the garden.

FROGGY boggy

Tried to jump

On a stone,

And got a bump.



It made his eyes

Wink and frown

And turned his nose

Upside down.

CINDERELLA.



POOR little Cinderella! Ask mamma to tell you about her. Her sisters have gone to the Prince's ball; but she is sitting all alone, tending the fire. Pretty soon something will happen that will make her very happy. A fairy will come and send her, in fine style, to the ball.

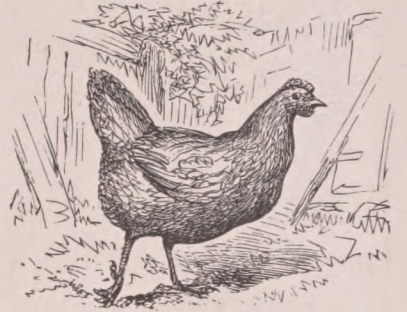
THE STORY OF THE LITTLE RED HEN.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago my mother told me the story of the little red hen. She told it often to me at that time ; but I have never heard it since. So I shall try to tell it to you now from memory :

There was once a little red hen. She



was scratching near the barn one day, when she found a grain of wheat.



She said, "Who will plant this wheat?"

The rat said, "I wont;" the cat said,

"I wont;" the dog said, "I wont;" the

duck said, "I wont;" and the pig said, "I wont."

The little red hen said, "I will, then." So she planted the grain

of wheat. After the wheat grew up and was ripe, the little

red hen said, "Who will reap this wheat?" The rat said,

"I wont;" the cat said, "I wont;" the dog said, "I wont;"

the duck said, "I wont;" and the pig said, "I wont." The

little red hen said, "I will, then." So

she reaped the wheat. Then she said,

"Who will take this wheat to mill to be

ground into flour?" The rat said, "I

wont;" the cat said, "I wont;" the dog

said, "I wont;" the

duck said, "I wont:" and the pig said, "I

wont." The little red hen said, "I will,

then." So she took the wheat to mill.

When she came back with the flour, she

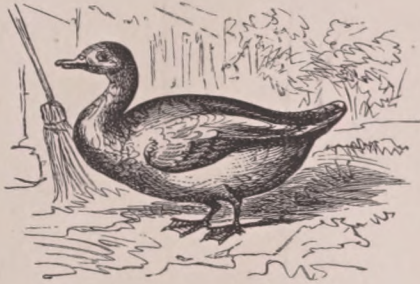
said, "Who will make this into bread?"

The rat said, "I wont;" the cat said, "I wont;" the dog

said, "I wont;" the duck said, "I wont;" and the pig said,



“I wont.” The little red hen said, “I will, then.” So she made it into bread. Then she said, “Who will bake this bread?” The rat said, “I wont;” the cat said, “I wont;” the dog said, “I wont;” the duck said, “I wont;” and the pig said, “I wont.” The little red hen said, “I will, then.” When the bread was baked, the



little red hen said, “Who will EAT this bread?” The rat said, “I WILL;” the cat said, “I WILL;” the dog said, “I WILL;” the duck said, “I WILL;” and the pig said, “I WILL.” The little red hen said, “No, you WONT, for I am going to do that myself.” And she picked up the bread and ran off with it.



HEN the moon is shining brightly,
And the dew is on the ground,
Then 's the time, you know, that
nightly,
Cruel foxes are around.

Oh, but how the mischief thickens
When they prowl among the
hens!

Sucking eggs and taking chickens
To their damp and dismal dens.

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE GREEN FROG.

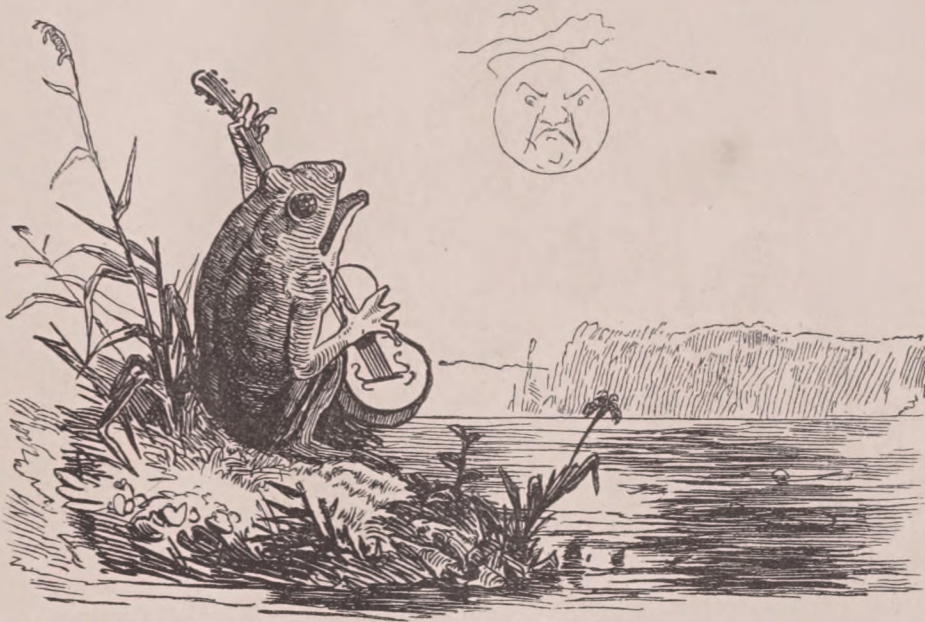


WHEN the clouds above are blue,
Little frog in his bright green coat
Comes up the ladder, clearing his throat,
To greet the sun, "How d'ye do?"



When the clouds above are drear,
And the rain makes the bright sun frown,
Little frog on his ladder goes down,
And waits till the sky is clear.

Little frog can sing a tune—
He is proud of his voice, I think;
He sits and sings, while his dull eyes blink,
As he serenades the moon.



He likes tender things to eat—
Quick little ants and butterflies;
He snaps them down, and he shuts his eyes,
As if they tasted sweet.



He sports all the summer through—
Don't you think Froggie's life is play?
How will he live on a winter day?
He has no idea—have you?



"SOMETIMES THEY WILL BLOW AND SOMETIMES THEY WON'T," SAID BEN.

THE WILLOW WHISTLE.

LITTLE SUSIE, so pretty and sweet, was walking down the lane, singing her doll to sleep, and Frisky was marching behind, wagging his tail, when Ben came along with his basket

and cane. Ben was a poor little lame boy. His father and mother were dead. His old grandmother took care of him, and told him nice stories while she knitted stockings to sell. That was the right kind of a dear, good old grandma. Was n't it?

Every day Susie's mother filled Ben's basket with bread, meat, and a little tea and sugar for his grandmother.

"Why, Ben," cried Susie, "is that you? Don't make a noise; my baby is going to sleep."

"Why does n't she shut her eyes?" asked Ben.

"She is just a little bad to-day," said Susie, shaking her.

"Well, then, let's whistle her to sleep." And Ben, taking a willow whistle out of his pocket, blew a long note.

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Susie. "Do let me try."

"I mean to give it to you, because you are good to my grandma," said Ben.

Oh, then, I wish you could have seen their happy faces, as Susie took the whistle with "Thank you ever so much!" Then, putting her fingers on the sides and her mouth to the end, she blew! and blew! and blew! but nothing came.

"I can't make it whistle," said Susie, almost ready to cry.

"Sometimes they will blow, and sometimes they won't," said Ben, kindly. "Try again, Susie; don't say you can't."

Susie tried once more, and a low, sweet sound came out.

"It whistles! it whistles!" she cried.

In her joy she had turned dolly's head down, and pop! her eyes went shut, and she was fast asleep!

"There! I told you so!" cried Ben, laughing. "The way to get babies asleep is to whistle to them."

"So it is," said Susie. "Dear little thing; she must be put in bed." So they all went frisking into the house.

Then Ben's basket was filled, and he went singing home. Don't you think he was a good, unselfish little boy? I do.

THE KIND LITTLE GIRL.

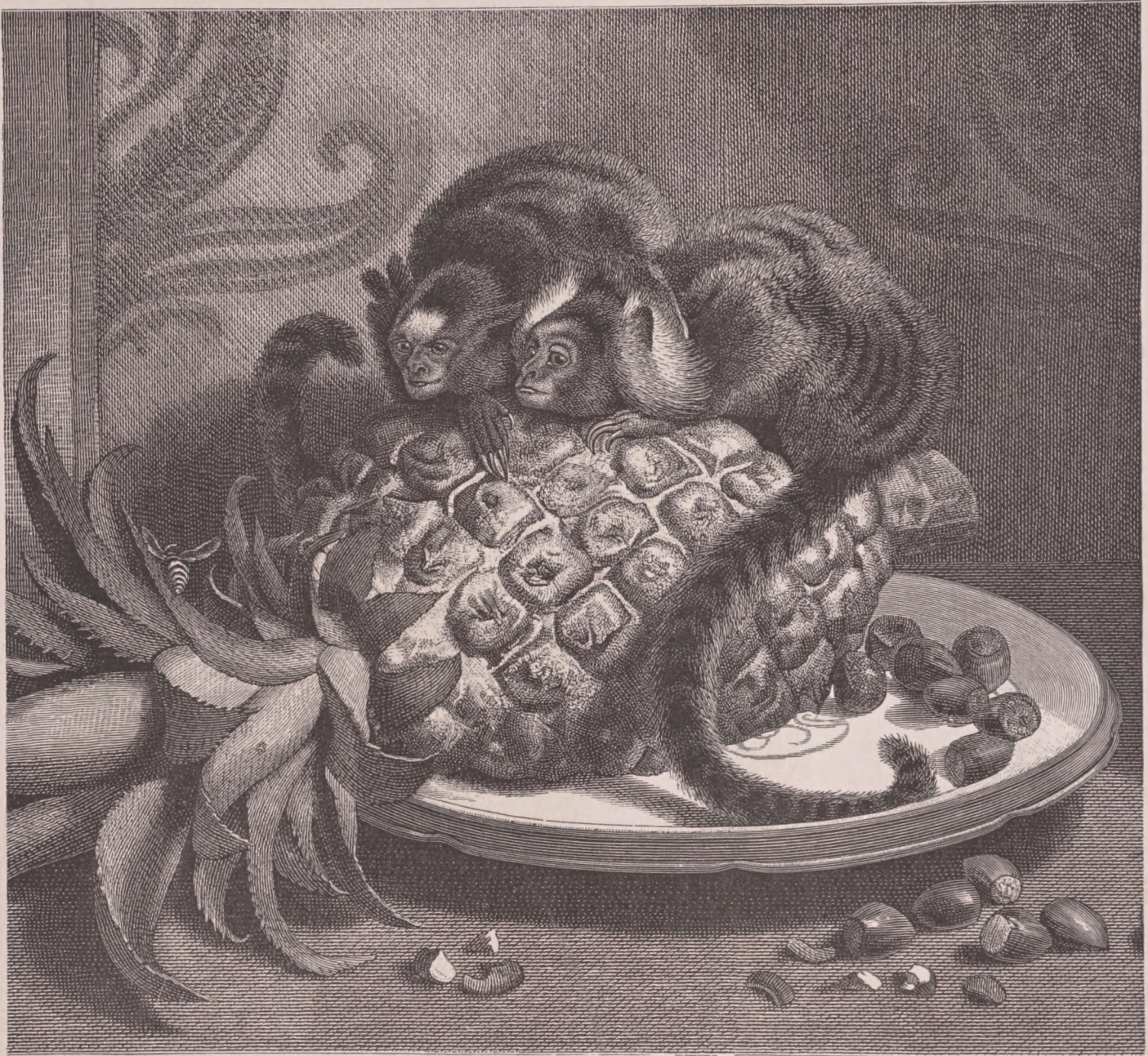


Good little beggar-girl! She is very poor, but she has a kind heart. Even the dogs know this, as soon as they look into her face; and when they are hungry, they say: "Come, let us go to that kind little girl, she will give us some bread."



THERE'S a ship on the sea. It is sailing to-night—
Sailing to-night;—
And father's aboard, and the moon is all bright—
Shining and bright.
Dear Moon, he'll be sailing for many a night—
Sailing from mother and me;
Oh! follow the ship with your silvery light,
As father sails over the sea.

MARMOSETS.



MARMOSETS are cunning little monkeys from South America, and are often very tame and gentle. These little creatures are of about the size of squirrels, but they have very old and wise faces. The two in our picture, which is copied from a beautiful painting by Sir Edward Landseer, do not seem to know what sort of an insect it is that has alighted on the leaves of the pine-apple. So they have jumped up to examine it. If they come too close, and get their noses pricked, they may find out more than they want to know.

GOOD OLD SAM.

“COME, dear old Sam,” said Will, “you gave me a fine trot down the lane; now I will give you as much to eat as you want.”

Two big ears went up in the air at this; for Sam was just as fond of oats and hay as you are of cake and pie. Then Mrs. Duck ran to the pond and said to Mr. Duck, “Oh, what a nice boy that is! Sam was good to him, and now he, in his turn, is good to Sam. I want to be good too;

so I have come to tell you, that if we run, we may be in time to pick up all the nice bits that Sam lets fall.”

Now just look at them all! Sam, Will, and Mr. and Mrs. Duck! all kind and good! Will you try to be kind and good too? I am sure you will. It is the best way to live.



THE FATE OF A GINGER-BREAD MAN.



HERE'S a nice brown ginger-bread man,
Freshly baked in the baker's pan,
Spiced and sugared, and spick and span;
Cloves for his eyes and paste for his tie—
Oh, what a nice sweet man to buy!



Here are Felix and Mary Ann
Looking in at the ginger-bread man
(Spiced and sugared, and spick and span,
Cloves for his eyes and paste for his tie),
Wondering whether the price is high.



Here are Felix and Mary Ann
Going home with the ginger-bread man
That was baked in the baker's pan.
"Far too nice to be eaten," they said;
"Keep the man for a dolly, instead."



Here behold the ginger-bread man,
That was baked in the baker's pan,
In the doll-house of Mary Ann.
See him stand, with his round, fat face,
Among the dolls in silk and lace!



Here are Felix and Mary Ann
Sleeping sound as ever they can,
Dreaming about the ginger-bread man
Left in the doll-house, set away,
Till they wake in the morn to play.



See this rat; since the night began
He has prowled to get what he can.
Ah, he smells the ginger-bread man!
There's the doll-house under the shelf,
Just where the rat can climb himself!



Every rat will get what he can.
 Ah, the poor, sweet ginger-bread man!
 Wake, O Felix and Mary Ann!
 There's a patter, a jump, a squeak—
 Ah, if the ginger-bread man could speak!



See the rat, as quick as he can,
 Climbing up for the ginger-bread man
 In the doll-house of Mary Ann!
 Ah, if the ginger-bread man could run!
 Oh, to see what the rat has done!



Here are Felix and Mary Ann
 Come to play with the ginger-bread man,
 Spiced and sugared, and spick and span.
 Ah, behold, where he stood before,
 Only crumbs on the doll-house floor!





BERTIE.

"I so awful bad! Santy Claus won't come down the chimney one bit," said little Bertie, and he began to cry. Bertie was not four years old, and he did not know just how to act. He had pulled the cat's tail, and upset the milk-pan, and, oh, dear! worse than all, he had gone behind his grandma when she was bending over the fire, and said Boo! so loud that it made her jump, and drop her spectacles, pop! into the tea-kettle. So he sat down on the floor, with his old fur cap on, to think about it; for this was Christmas eve.



But bless his heart! Grandma loved him if he did say Boo! at her. So did Mamma and Papa, and so did Pussy, and so did Santa Claus! When it was bed-time for Bertie, he wanted Grandma to go to bed, too, though it was not dark, so that Santa Claus would be sure to come. Grandma put on a funny cap, and hid under the bed-clothes, and

Bertie hung up his stocking before he said his prayers. Then he squeezed his eyes tight shut, and went to sleep. In the night Santa Claus came, and before he went, a candy cat, a top, a ball, an or-

ange, a barking dog and a jumping Jack, all went softly into Bertie's stocking, and waited for him to open his eyes.

Oh, how glad he was when he woke in the morning!



NOT SUCH A NODDY AS HE LOOKED.

HE was a ragged little fellow, that donkey, with a shaggy head, great flapping ears, and a short, queer tail. His name was Noddy. One fine day, Noddy was in the lot, eating clover, when Fred and Tom came out of the house, with three more young scamps,—their cousins,—who had

just come to visit them.

“Now for a ride!” shouted Fred.

“Let’s all get on his back at once,” said one of the cousins.

“Oh, yes! oh, yes!” said the rest, in high glee.

But before a finger could be laid on him, off he started, galloping round the lot in fine style. The boys chased him, and a grand race they had,—whisking and frisking, falling

and sprawling, darting and dodging,—until they came to a little hill. The donkey trotted up to the top, braying gladly.



“It will never do to give it up so, Cousin Fred,” said little Archie. “See! his back is turned; let’s creep up softly.”

Softly they went; and, in two minutes more, they were around poor Noddy like a swarm of bees. Fred and Frank leaped upon his back, with shouts of delight. Fred sat with his legs stuck out ever so wide, while Frank held on to his waist. Little Archie pulled himself up behind them, using poor Noddy’s tail as a rope; while Tom and Curtis, taking hold of the donkey’s ears,



tried to pull themselves up over his head. But just then that sly old Noddy gave a great hee-haw! HEE-H-A-W! down with his head; up with his heels; over went Tom and Curtis, topsy-turvy; off flew Fred, Frank and Archie, and away they all rolled down to the bottom of the hill. As for Noddy, he laughed a donkey-laugh; and when the boys went away, he brayed them a very polite good-by. Not such a noddy, after all! Was he?

STARS AND DAISIES.

BY LOUIS MUNSON.

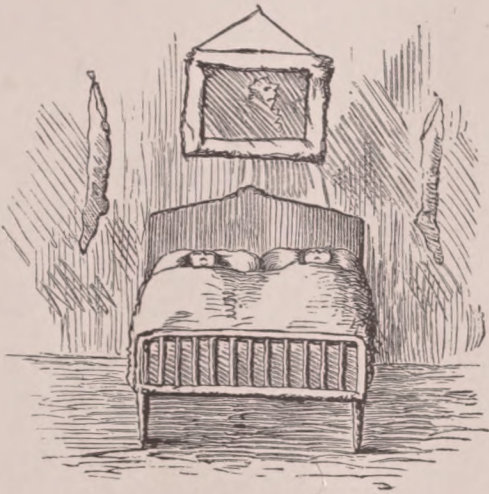
THE stars are tiny daisies high,
Opening and shutting in the sky;
While daisies are the stars below,
Twinkling and sparkling as they grow.

The star-buds blossom in the night,
And love the moon's calm, tender light;
But daisies bloom out in the day,
And watch the strong sun on his way.



BREAKFAST-TIME.

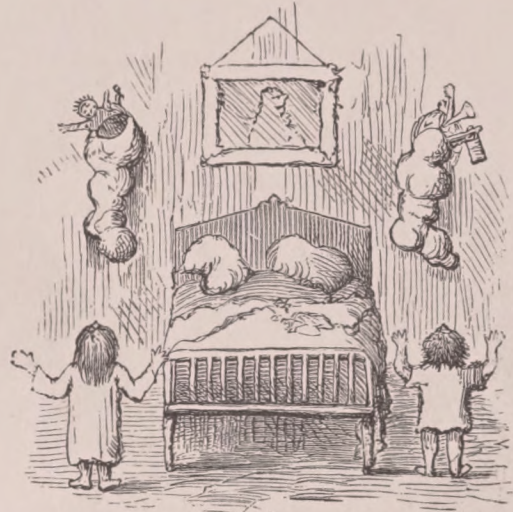
THE TRANSFORMED STOCKINGS.

(A Poem in two parts, with Illustrations by the Poet.)

PART I.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

LITTLE children in their bed,
 Both their stockings on the wall;
 Not a thought disturbs their dreams—
 That is, if they dream at all.



PART II.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

WHEN the Christmas morning comes,
 Both the children bounce from bed:
 “Wh———ee, ——ew!”
 That was all the children said.



HELLO!

THE OLD HEN AND HER FAMILY.



THERE was once a big white hen who had twelve little chickens, and they were all just as good little chickens as ever you saw. Whatever their mother told them to do, they did.

One day, this old hen took her children down to a small brook. It was a nice walk for them, and she believed the fresh air from the water would do them good. When they reached the brook, they walked along by the bank for a little while, and then the old hen thought that it looked much prettier on the other side, and that it would be a good thing for them to cross over. As she saw a large stone in the middle of the brook, she felt sure that it would be easy to jump on that stone and then to jump to the other side. So she jumped to the stone, and clucked for her children to follow her. But, for the first time in their lives, she found that they would not obey her. She clucked and flapped her wings and cried to them, in hen-talk:

"Come here, all of you! Jump on this stone, as I did. Then we can go to the other side. Come now!"

"Oh, mother, we can't, we can't, we can't!" said all the little chickens.

"Yes, you can, if you try," clucked the old hen. "Just flop your wings as I did, and you can jump over, easy enough."

"I *am* a-flopping my wings," said one little fellow, named Chippy, who stood by himself in front, "but I can't jump any better than I did before."

"I never saw such children," said the old hen. "You don't try at all."

"We can't try, mother," said the little chicks. "We can't jump so far. Indeed, we can't, we can't, we can't, we can't!" chirped the little chicks.

"Well," said the old hen, "I suppose I must give it up"—and so she jumped back from the stone to the shore, and walked slowly home, followed by all her family.

"Don't you think mother was rather hard on us?" said one little chicken to another, as they were going home.

"Yes," said the other little chick. "Asking us to jump so far as that, when we have n't any wing-feathers yet, and scarcely any tails!"

"Well, I tried my best," said Chippy. "I flopped as well as I could."

"I did n't," said one of the others. "It's no use to try to flop when you've got nothing to flop."

When they reached home, the old hen began to look about for something to eat, and she soon found, close to the kitchen-door, a nice big piece of bread. So she clucked, and all the little chickens ran up to her, and each one of them tried to get a bite at the piece of bread.

"No, no!" cried the old hen. "This bread is not for all of you. It is for the only one of my children who really tried to jump to the stone. Come, Chippy! you are the only one who flopped. This nice piece of bread is for you."

A STORY OF A BRAVE DONKEY.

DONKEYS are almost always meek, quiet little fellows, who look as if they would stand any abuse or bad treatment, but sometimes they show that they have spirit enough. Of course there are bad donkeys, who will kick and behave wickedly at any time, like some boys and girls, so that it is a surprise to see them behave well.

But the donkey I am going to tell you about was nearly always as quiet as he seems in the picture, putting his head over the fence to take a bite of tender grass. But he was very brave indeed, as you will see. He lived in a menagerie—which you know is a wild-beast show—in one of our Western cities. There were a great many savage beasts in this menagerie, and one day a fierce lioness broke out of her cage. She ran around to see who she could bite, and she met this donkey, who was allowed to go loose because he would not hurt anything. So she made a great jump at him and took hold of him with her teeth; but the donkey was so quick and spirited that he got away from her. Then the lioness made another great spring upon him, but this time Mr. Donkey was ready for her.

He turned his back to her, and, when she came near him, he gave her a great kick with both his hind-feet at once, and rolled her over like a ball. She came at him again and again, but every time his strong heels were ready for her, and every time the brave donkey kicked her over on her back. At last she had enough of Mr. Donkey's kicks, and she ran away from him. She did not know before how well a brave donkey could fight.

You have often heard about lions, which are so strong and courageous that they are called the kings of beasts, and perhaps you have seen some of them shut up in a cage when you have been taken to a wild beast show. But it is not likely that you thought that one of these great creatures could ever be conquered by a small donkey, who had nothing to fight with but his heels.

But it often happens that animals, and people too, who are quiet and modest, are very brave indeed when a time comes when they ought to show courage.

The lioness had to be shot, for her keepers could not get her back into her cage. If she had not been shot, I think she would have kept clear of donkeys the next time she got loose.



THE BRAVE DONKEY.

THE RIDE TO SCHOOL.

"THOU shalt have a ride to school on my sled," said Carl to his chub-by lit-tle sis-ter Ka-ren; "and Gretch-en and I will be the horses."



"Oh, that is beau-ti-ful!" cried Ka-ren, with bright, beam-ing eyes; and she danced a-round in her lit-tle red shoes.

They were three Ger-man chil-dren who lived with their fath-er and

moth-er in the far a-way West-ern State of Min-ne-so-ta, where it is so cold in win-ter that the snow lasts a long while.

Then Carl pulled his sled out of the barn, and Ka-ren was seat-ed in the mid-dle of it, with her lit-tle bask-et, which held three round cakes and a ro-sy ap-ple. Gretch-en pinned a large warm shawl o-ver her hood, put on her nice wool-en mit-tens, and, kiss-ing her sweet lit-tle face, said: "Look, how ro-sy she is;" and Ka-ren smiled back on her, say-ing: "Yes, that is fine, dear sis-ter."

Then Gretch-en put her lunch bask-et on the sled; but Carl had his lunch in a nap-kin, which he slung o-ver his shoul-ders; and, tuck-ing his trou-sers in-to his boots, a-way they all went, laugh-ing and sing-ing.

The lit-tle rob-ins scratched in the snow, cry-ing "Tweet, tweet, we want some-thing to eat." The pig-eons strutt-ed up and down the roofs of the hous-es, or flew a-way to the barn, say-ing, soft-ly, "Coo, coo, coo, come to the barn, ver-y good eat-ing there—coo, coo, coo!" The pus-sy cat sneezed, and lift-ed her paws ver-y high, for she ha-ted the snow, and wished it were al-ways sum-mer.

But the lit-tle Ger-man chil-dren liked win-ter as well as sum-mer. They were the ver-y best chil-dren in school that day; and, when school was o-ver, Carl and Gretch-en gave Ka-ren an-oth-er de-light-ful ride.



I GAVE my puss a mac-a-roon,
And bade her eat with a sil-ver spoon;
I brought a glass of spark-ling wine,
And bade the pret-ty creat-ure dine.

But see what came of it, a-lack!
That naught-y pus-sy turned her back;
Now was n't it a dread-ful sight
To see a puss so im-po-lite?

WHAT KITTIKIN SAID TO THE KITTEN IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

MIAOU! What sort of a kitten do you call yourself, I wonder!—and where are your manners, I should like to know? Here have I been standing for a quarter of an hour, saying all the pretty things I can think of to you, and not so much as a purr can I get in reply. It is very rude, too, to mock me in that way, and imitate everything I do. My mother has always taught me to be polite to strangers; but perhaps you have n't any mother, poor thing! and never learned any manners. It is a pity, for you are a good-looking kitten,—something like me, in fact, only not so pretty. Miss Jenny, my mistress, said yesterday that I was the prettiest kitten in the world—and of course she knows, for she goes to school and learns lessons out of a book. I thought awhile ago that I should like to go to school too, and learn lessons. So one day I started to follow Miss Jenny up the lane; but a great ugly monster of a dog barked at me, and frightened me out of my wits. So then I thought I would learn to read too; and as all the reading is in books, I thought the best way would be to eat one. But before I had eaten half a leaf, Miss Jenny came in, and she took away the book and called me a naughty kitten, and mother boxed my ears and sent me to bed without any supper; so after that I decided that reading was not good for kittens.

Well, you strange cat!—not a word from you yet? Come now, do be good-natured and come out from behind that window. Such a grand frolic as we might have together! My brother Tom was given away last week. He jumped up on the breakfast-table, and upset the cream-jug all over my mistress's new dress; and she said, "That comes of having so many cats about! One of them must go to-day"—and so Tom went.

Well, I cannot waste my time here any longer, for there is nothing to be got out of you but rudeness. I shall never come to see you again. And of all the ugly, rude, disagreeable kittens I ever saw —

There! See what you've done! You made me so mad that I've knocked over Miss Jenny's beautiful blue and gold smelling-bottle, that her grandpapa gave her on Christmas!

There! it has rolled off the dressing-table and broken into bits. Oh! I'm sure I'll get no supper to-night; and—oh dear—what *shall* I do if mother boxes my ears again! . . . Oh! oh! You've knocked off your bottle, too! My! wont you get whipped, though!



"WELL, YOU STRANGE CAT!—NOT A WORD FROM YOU YET?"

AN ALPHABET FROM ENGLAND.

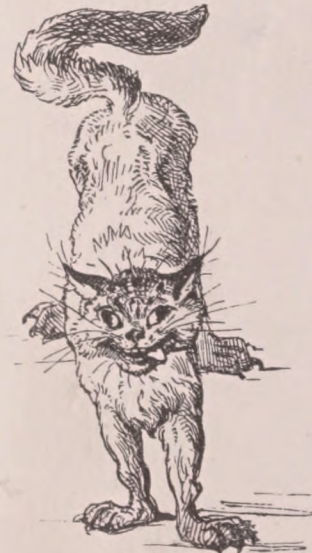
BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



A is the Alphabet, A at its head;
A is an Antelope, agile to run.

B is the Baker Boy bringing the bread,
 Or black Bear and brown Bear, both begging for bun.

C is a Cornflower come with the corn;
C is a Cat with a comical look.



THE COMICAL CAT.



THE ELOQUENT EARL.

D is a dinner which Dahlias adorn;
D is a Duchess who dines with a Duke.

E is an elegant, eloquent Earl;
E is an Egg whence an Eaglet emerges.

F is a Falcon, with feathers to furl;
F is a Fountain of full foaming surges.



THE GANDER, THE GOSLING, THE GOOSE.

G is the Gander, the Gosling,
the Goose;

G is a Garnet in girdle of
gold.

H is a Heartsease, harmonious of hues;

H is a huge Hammer, heavy to hold.

I is an Idler who idles on ice;

I am I—who will say I am not I?

J is a Jacinth, a jewel of price;

J is a Jay, full of joy in July.

K is a King, or a Kaiser still
higher;

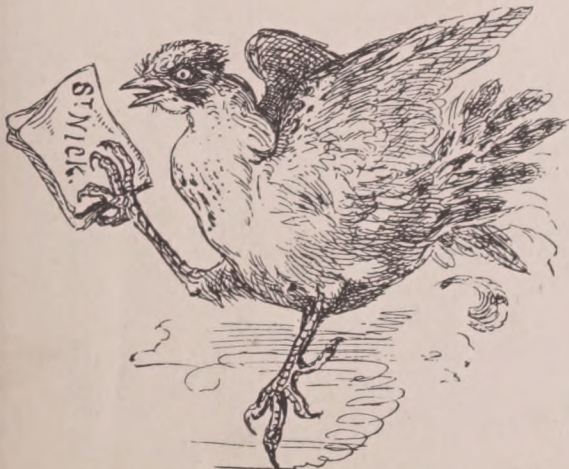
K is a Kitten, or quaint Kang-
aroo.



A HAMMER HEAVY TO HOLD.

L is a Lute or a lovely-toned Lyre;

L is a Lily all laden with dew.

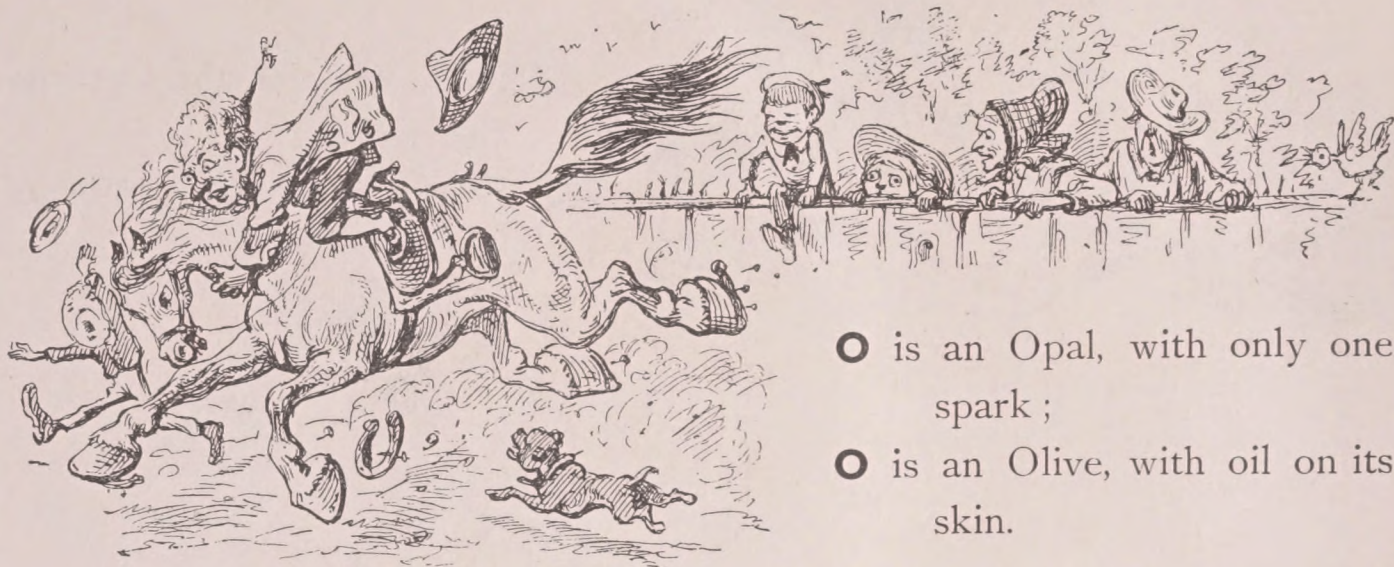


A JAY FULL OF JOY IN JULY.

M is a Meadow where Meadow-sweet
blows;

M is a Mountain made dim by a mist.

N is a nut—in a nutshell it grows;
Or a Nest full of Nightingales singing
—oh, list!



A PONY, A PET IN THE PARK.

P is a Pony, a pet in a park ;
P is the Point of a Pen or a Pin.

Q is a Quail, quick chirping at morn ;
Q is a Quince quite ripe and near dropping.



A RED-BREASTED ROBIN.

R is a Rose, rosy red on a thorn ;
R is a red-breasted Robin come hopping.

S is a Snow-storm that sweeps o'er the Sea ;
S is the Song that the swift Swallows sing.

T is the Tea-table set out for tea ;
T is a Tiger with terrible spring.

U, the Umbrella, went up in a shower ;
 Or Unit is useful with ten to unite.



THE UMBRELLA.



POLICEMAN X EXERCISED.

V is a Violet veined in the flower ;

V is a Viper of venomous bite.

W stands for the water-bred Whale ;

Stands for the wonderful Wax-work so gay.

X, or X X, or X X X is ale,

Or Policeman X, exercised day after day.

Y is a yellow Yacht, yellow its boat ;

Y is the Yucca, the Yam, or the Yew.

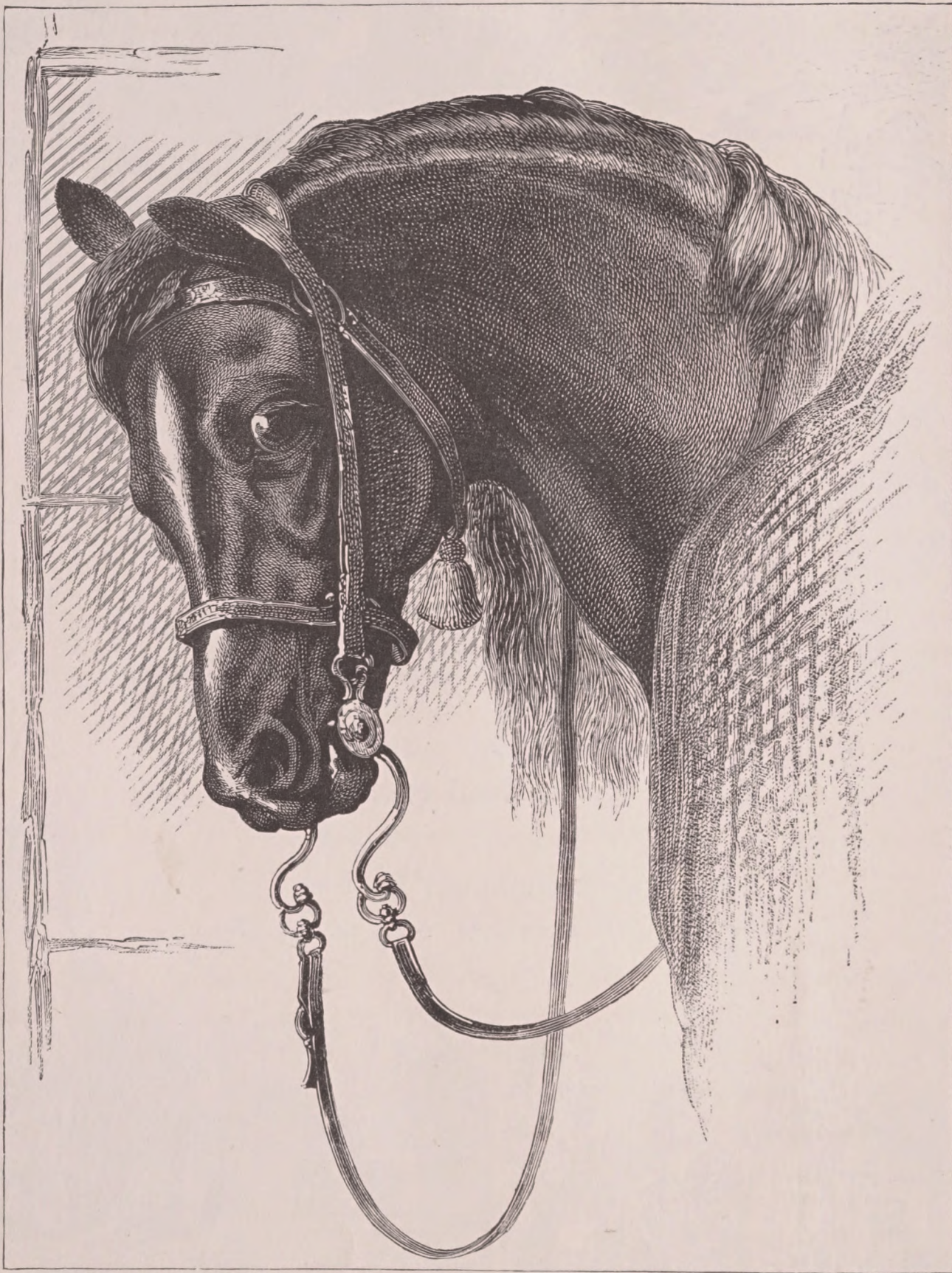
Z is a Zebra, zigzagged his coat,

Or Zebu, or Zoöphyte, seen at the Zoo.



"SEEN AT THE ZOO."

THE BLACK HORSE "BOB."



BOB is all ready to take his master out riding. His bridle and saddle are on, and, as it is a cold day, Bob's blanket is thrown over him while

he is waiting. Bob is a good horse, and likes to eat a bit of sugar if any one will give it to him. See how he is turning his head! Perhaps he thinks you have a piece of sugar for him. Bob's mistress often goes to his stable and pats him, and gives him a piece of candy or sugar. So Bob is always glad to see her, and he follows her about when he is out of doors eating grass. He hopes that she has some sugar for him. Bob thinks that sugar tastes very well with grass. Bob is a fine horse, because he is so handsome and strong, and can go so fast; but his master and mistress like him most of all because he is so gentle and so good.

THE MOUSE THAT LOST HER GREAT LONG TAIL.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago my mother told me this story: One morning, when a little gray mouse was running across the pantry floor, a great black-and-white cat pounced on her, and bit off her nice long tail. The little mouse felt dreadfully about it, and she said to the cat: "Old cat, will you please to give me back my great long tail?"

"Yes," said the cat, "I will give it to you if you will bring me a saucer of milk."

So the mouse ran down to the barn, where an old red cow was tied in the stall, and said: "Please, old cow, will you give me a saucer of milk for the cat, so she will give me back my great long tail?"

The cow said: "Yes, I will give you the milk if you will bring me a bunch of hay."

Then the mouse went to the farmer who was plowing in a field near by, and said to him: "Will you please to give me some hay for the cow, and then she will give me a saucer of milk for the cat, and the cat will give me back my great long tail?"

The farmer said: "Yes, I will give you the hay if you will promise me not to go in my corn-crib and eat my corn."

And as the little mouse said she would "never, never touch the corn," the farmer gave her a bunch of hay, which she gave to the cow; and the cow gave her a saucer of milk, which she gave to the cat; and the old cat gave her back her great long tail, which made the little mouse very happy. But, best of all, she kept her word, and did not touch the farmer's corn.



THE HARE AND THE FROGS.

THE HARE AND THE FROGS.

HERE is trouble! The hare, in jumping across the fields, came upon a marsh full of frogs, who leaped off in great terror when they saw him. If they had waited a moment, they would have known that they had frightened him at the same time. He was too startled to jump; so he just put up his ears and trembled until every frightened froggie was safely hidden under the wet grass.



THE LION.

IF any of you ever saw a lion, I am quite sure that he was in a cage. Now a lion in a cage is a noble-looking beast, but he never seems so grand and king-like—you know some people call the lion the King of Beasts—as he does when he is free. Of course, almost any living creature will look happier and better when it is free than when it is shut up; but there is another reason why the lions we see in cages do not seem so grand as those which are free.

We almost always go to see wild animals in the day-time, and animals of the cat-kind, of which the lion is one, like to take the day for their sleeping time. So, when we see them, they are drowsy and lazy, and would much rather take a good nap than be bothered with visitors. If we could go and look at them at night, it is likely we should find them much more lively.

Lions are natives of Africa and Asia, and there they roam around at night and are not afraid of any living creature. They sometimes stand and roar as if they wished all other animals to know that a lion was about, and that they would do well to behave themselves.

When a lion is hungry, he kills a deer or an antelope, or some such animal, and eats it. But sometimes he comes near to men's houses and fields, and kills an ox or a cow, and carries it away. A lion must be very strong if he can even drag away a great ox.

The male lion is much handsomer and finer looking than the female, or lioness. He has a large head, with a great mane of hair hanging down all around his head and over his shoulders. This gives him a very noble look. The lioness has no mane at all.

Baby lions are funny fellows. They look something like clumsy dogs, and are quite playful. But long before they are full-grown they begin to look grave and sober, as if they knew that it was a very grand thing to be a lion.

Two half-grown lions that I saw not long ago, looked just as quiet and sedate as their old father, who was in the next cage. But perhaps they had their play and fun at night, when there was nobody there to see.

Some lions are quite easily tamed, and often learn to like their keepers. I suppose you have seen performing lions in cages. The keeper goes into the cage and makes the lions, and sometimes leopards and other animals, jump about and do just as he tells them.

As the lion seems to have a better disposition than most other savage beasts, he sometimes becomes so tame that his keepers do not appear to be at all afraid of him.

But he is really a wild beast, at heart, and it would never do to let the very tamest lion think that he could go where he pleased, and choose his



THE LION.

dinner for himself. It would not be long before he would be seen springing upon a cow or a horse—if he did not fancy some little boy or girl.

So, after all, there are animals which have much nobler dispositions than the lion, and among these are elephants and dogs—who not only are often trusted servants of man, but also seem to have some reasoning powers, and are known to do actions that are really good and kind.



THE WONDERFUL PUPPIES.

A TRUE STORY, IN WHICH MRS. HOUND TALKS ABOUT HER PUPPIES.

How old did you say? Three weeks. Yes, the lit-tle dar-lings are three weeks old this ver-y day; and, though I do say it, they are the fin-est chil-dren of their age I ev-er saw. Why, do you know they re-fuse to stand up like com-mon dogs! Won-der-ful, is n't it? The way in which their soft lit-tle legs bend and dou-ble up un-der them is the most as-ton-ish-ing thing you ever saw! And on the end of ev-er-y leg is—oh! *such* a per-fect lit-tle paw, as soft as vel-vet—just look! At first they would not o-pen their eyes. Dear lit-tle things! Was not that won-der-ful? Then in a few days they o-pened them. Was not *that* won-der-ful? They go to sleep and they wake up just like oth-er dogs. Does not that beat all? And if you put your ear close to their soft fur, you can hear them breathe. Yes, breathe! And they are MY PUP-PIES!

I am not proud, but I do say they are five love-ly pup-pies. I am ver-y care-ful of them, too; but I will let all you good lit-tle girls and boys look at them, if you will be ver-y gen-tle. Don't make a noise and wake up Snow-ball—he is the sleep-y one. Black-ball, here, is wide a-wake. You may touch his nose soft-ly, if you wish. You will find it quite nice and cool. I am so glad they are well and strong! They take af-ter me. Now, my dear friends, if you will please go a-way, I shall be o-blived to you. My lit-tle ones need rest and qui-et at first, or they will be spoiled. Any-thing but nerv ous, fret-ful pup-pies for me!

LITTLE Joe Clacket, he made such a racket
While shelling some corn at the barn,
The Hebiddy crew, the chickens they flew,
All coming to eat up Joe's corn.

While Joe was shelling his corn in the barn,
His mother was spinning some double-twist yarn.
She made such a buzzing and whizzety whuzzing,
She could not hear Joe at his corn in the barn;
He made such a racket and clicketty clacket,
He did not hear her at her double-twist yarn.

THE ADOPTED CHICKEN.

WHEN I was a little girl, I lived on a farm where there were a great many chickens and ducks and turkeys, and among them there was a brown hen named Yellowfoot, who wanted very much to have a nice family of little yellow chickies; and she knew if she laid an egg every day until there were twelve eggs, and then sat on them patiently three weeks, she would have twelve dear little chicks.

So she laid a nice white egg every day. But she never could get twelve, because every day the cook took her egg away; and so Yellowfoot felt very sadly.

Now another hen, named Tufty, thought it would be nice to have little chickens too; but she was very smart, and she found a place away off, that the cook did n't know about, and there she hid her eggs; and one day she surprised all the other hens by walking into the chicken-yard with twelve little chickens toddling after her!

Now I had heard how sorry poor Yellowfoot felt because she had no little chickens, and when I saw Tufty walking about so proudly with her twelve, I felt very sorry indeed for Yellowfoot.

Well, that very afternoon something very funny happened. I was walking about the farm, and I found in the corner of a rail-fence a turkey sitting on some eggs, and running around near her a little lonely chicken just out of its shell, making such a pitiful little "peep-peep." I took it up in my apron and ran and asked one of the men what it could mean, and he said that a hen's egg had by mistake been put with the turkey's eggs, and as it takes a week longer for turkeys' eggs to hatch than it does for hens' eggs, the poor little chicken had come out of its shell a week before there was anybody to take care of it.

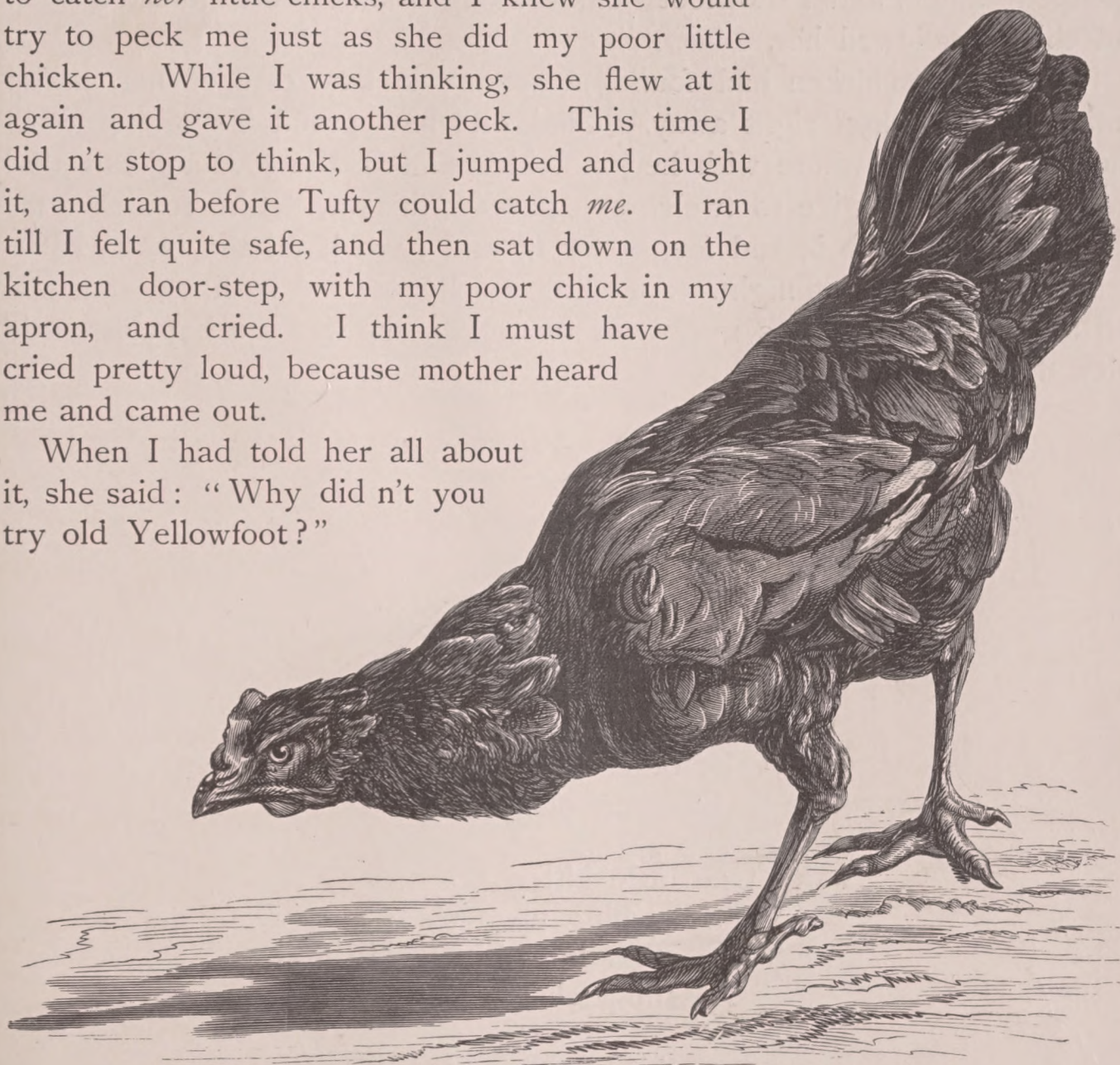
When I heard this, I thought: "Poor little chickie! what *will* you do, for I don't know how to take care of you at all, and it will be a week before that ugly turkey gets ready to do it, and you'll be dead by that time?" And then suddenly I thought: "Why, this little chick is just as old as the twelve that were hatched this morning; now I'll take it to the chicken-yard and put it down among them, and Tufty will take care of it." So I ran to the chicken-yard and put it with the other little chicks, and it ran after Tufty just like the others.

But you cannot believe how badly Tufty acted! The minute she heard the strange little "peep" with the twelve other little "peeps," she turned

around and stood still a minute, and then all her feathers began to stick out, and she bobbed her head a minute, and then she pounced at my poor little chicken and gave her an awful peck!

Was n't it cruel? I did not know what to do. I was afraid to go near Tufty, because she would think if I went near her that I was going to catch *her* little chicks, and I knew she would try to peck me just as she did my poor little chicken. While I was thinking, she flew at it again and gave it another peck. This time I did n't stop to think, but I jumped and caught it, and ran before Tufty could catch *me*. I ran till I felt quite safe, and then sat down on the kitchen door-step, with my poor chick in my apron, and cried. I think I must have cried pretty loud, because mother heard me and came out.

When I had told her all about it, she said: "Why did n't you try old Yellowfoot?"



OLD YELLOWFOOT.

At that, I jumped up and clapped my hands with delight, and my poor little chicken dropped on the grass; but it did n't hurt it, and I put it carefully back in my apron, and went to the chicken-yard again, to try mother's plan.

I had a hard time finding old Yellowfoot, but finally I came upon her, looking very doleful, in the bottom of a barrel. I poked her with a stick, but she would not come out. So, finally, I turned the barrel over, so she

had to come out. But she looked very angry, and made a great deal of noise about it. I waited till she got quiet, and then I put my little chicken down by her. And, oh! you should have seen her then! She looked at it a minute, and, when it "peeped," she gave a quiet little "cluck," just as if she were trying it to see how it sounded. And then the little chicken "peeped" again, and Yellowfoot "clucked" again and walked ahead a little, and chickie followed her.

So my little chicken had found some one to take care of her, and I named her "Lucky" right away. And, oh! how proud Yellowfoot was! She strutted everywhere with her one chick, and all the love and care that she was going to give to twelve she gave to this one. She scratched for it, and "clucked" for it, and fought for it, and gave it all the broad cover of her warm wings at night. And little Lucky seemed to know that she had all the care that was meant for twelve, for she was the happiest little chick that ever lived.

TWO KITTENS.

ONE little kitten
Scrubbing down its nose;
The other little kitten
Smelling of a rose.

One little kitten
Scratching up a tree;
The other little kitten
Nestling close to me.

One little kitten
Dashing at a fly;
The other little kitten
Singing "Baby bye."

One little kitten
Not a word to say;
The other little kitten
Talking all the day.

One little kitten,
Downy soft with fur ;
The other little kitten—
Who can picture her?

Darling little kitten,
Rosy, dimpled, curled,
She's my wee, white kitten
Out of all the world !

THE NAUGHTY DOLL.



Little Mother. Now, Dolly, can you look me in the face and say you did n't go down to the river while I was at church? You can't say it, I see you can't, and you must go to bed without your supper.



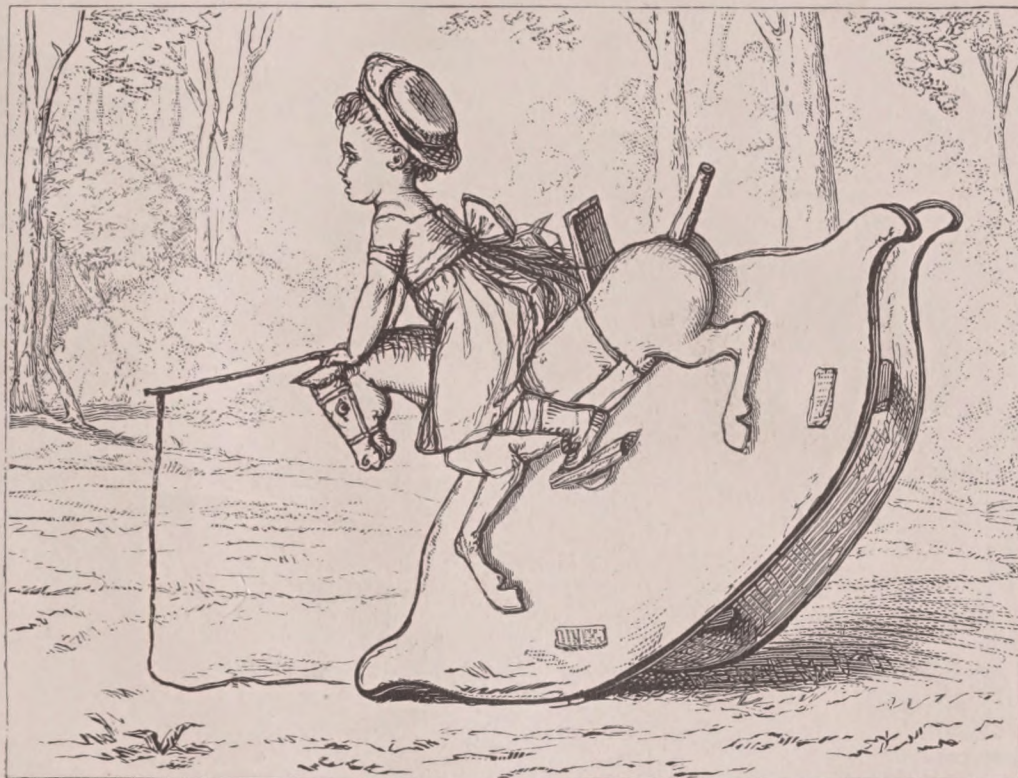
MAMIE'S LECTURE.

“ITTY dirl! what oo doin’ in my papa’s d’essin’ tase? Don’t oo know it’s welly naughty for itty dirls to det into d’essin’ tases? Itty chil’ren sood be seen, not heard. I’ll tell my mamma ’bout how you went an’ dot into my papa’s d’essin’ tase. Tissent no bizness for itty dirls. I ’s’amed of oo!”



ROOM FOR ONE MORE.

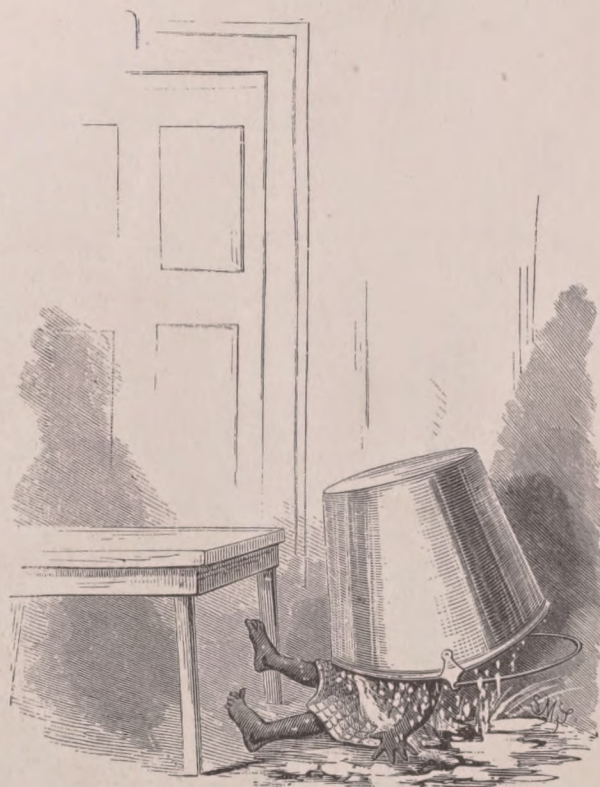
TOMMY'S WOODEN HORSE.



"SOMEBODY STOP HIM! HE'S RUNNING AWAY!"



LITTLE SAMBO AND THE BUTTERMILK PAIL.



THE BUTTERMILK PAIL AND LITTLE SAMBO.



"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN, SIR?"

WHAT ROBBY SAW.

BIRDS know a great deal. They know how to find their food, and where to go for a change of climate. They know, too, how to build nests, and how to take care of their children. They are wise almost as soon as they are born.

But if you think birds cannot be taught anything besides the things that they know of their own accord, you are very much mistaken. They can be taught to do many funny tricks. I know a boy named Robby who has seen them, with his own eyes, do—*what*, do you think?

Why, he has seen two yellow canary-birds harnessed to a little bit of a coach, drawing it along in the liveliest way, with a canary-bird for a driver and another canary for footman. Think of that! Yes, and he has seen these same birds do even more than this.

He has seen them act a play. I'll tell you about it.

First, one pretty little fellow, named Mr. Prim, came hopping in as lively as a cricket. Then came another pretty little yellow fellow, named Major Flit, and he had—A GUN! And—O, O!—what did Major Flit do but point his gun right at Mr. Prim and fire it off! Down fell Mr. Prim stark and stiff—his eyes shut tight, and his poor little toes curled under. But Major Flit was not sorry one bit for shooting poor Mr. Prim. He strutted about as if he had done something fine. Then another canary, named Corporal Gruff, came in, carrying two little pails of water. They were about as big as thimbles. He shook his head sadly as he looked at poor Mr. Prim lying so helpless and stiff. Then he hopped savagely up to Major Flit, and stared at him, with an air that said: "What does this mean, sir?"

Something dreadful might have happened then if, quick as a flash, Mr. Prim had not jumped up, as if to say:

"Ho! ho! you thought I was killed, did you? Well, I'm just as much alive as you are!"

Now the birds had been taught by their kind master to do all this. The gun would go off and make a flash, but it had no shot in it.

Robby dreamed that night of Mr. Prim, the Major and the Corporal; the Major had on soldier clothes, and Mr. Prim was shaving himself before a yellow looking-glass! Was not that a funny dream?

If you ever go to a show where there are performing birds, look out sharply for Mr. Prim, the Major, and Corporal Gruff.

THE GIN-GER-BREAD BOY.

Now you shall hear a sto-ry that some-bod-y's great, great-grand-moth-er told a lit-tle girl ev-er so ma-n-y years a-go :

There was once a lit-tle old man and a lit-tle old wom-an, who lived in a lit-tle old house in the edge of a wood. They would have been a ver-y hap-py old coup-le but for one thing,—they had no lit-tle child, and they wished for one ver-y much. One day, when the lit-tle old wom-an was bak-ing gin-ger-bread, she cut a cake in the shape of a lit-tle boy, and put it in-to the ov-en.

Pres-ent-ly, she went to the ov-en to see if it was baked. As soon as the ov-en door was o-pened, the lit-tle gin-ger-bread boy jumped out, and be-gan to run a-way as fast as he could go.

The lit-tle old wom-an called her hus-band, and they both ran aft-er him. But they could not catch him. And soon the gin-ger-bread boy came to a barn full of thresh-ers. He called out to them as he went by, say-ing :

“ I ’ve run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,
A lit-tle old man,
And I can run a-way from you, I can ! ”



Then the barn full of thresh-ers set out to run aft-er him. But, though they ran fast, they could not catch him. And he ran on till he came to a field full of mow-ers. He called out to them :

“ I ’ve run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,
A lit-tle old man,
A barn full of thresh-ers,
And I can run a-way from you, I can ! ”



Then the mow-ers be-gan to run aft-er him, but they could n't catch him. And he ran on till he came to a cow. He called out to her:

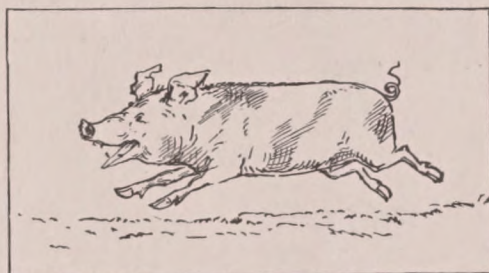


"I've run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,
A lit-tle old man,
A barn full of thresh-ers,
A field full of mow-ers,
And I can run a-way from you, I can!"

But, though the cow start-ed at once, she could n't catch him. And soon he came to a pig. He called out to the pig:

"I've run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,
A lit-tle old man,
A barn full of thresh-ers,
A field full of mow-ers,
A cow,—

And I can run a-way from you, I can!"



But the pig ran, and could n't catch him. And he ran till he came a-cross a fox, and to him he called out:



"I've run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,
A lit-tle old man,
A barn full of thresh-ers,
A field full of mow-ers,
A cow and a pig,
And I can run a-way from you, I can!"

Then the fox set out to run. Now fox-es can run ver-y fast, and so the fox soon caught the gin-ger-bread boy and be-gan to eat him up.

Pres-ent-ly the gin-ger-bread boy said: "O dear! I'm quar-ter gone!" And then: "Oh, I'm half gone!" And soon: "I'm three-quar-ters gone!" And at last: "I'm all gone!" and nev-er spoke a-gain.



"TOBY, WITH THE SLIPPERS IN HIS MOUTH."

TOBY.

You see him in the picture. That is Toby, with the slippers in his mouth. He has just brought them down-stairs. Does his mistress praise him for fetching the slippers? Not at all.

"You stupid Toby," she says. "I said boots; I did n't say slippers! Boots, Toby. Go and bring them, right away!"

Off flies Toby upstairs; then down again he tumbles—Toby and the boots in a moving bundle, which ends with a wag! The mistress says, "Good Toby!" while Toby capers and all but laughs.

After that, he begins to beg. What does he want? The mistress knows. She opens the little drawer and takes out a ball. It is Toby's. As soon as he sees it, he runs away into the hall. That is because he wants her to hide it. She puts it under the sofa-pillow. Toby comes back.

First he looks behind the window-curtain, then under the table, then in the corners, then at the back of the door. The ball is not in any of these places. At last he climbs the sofa. Ah, there it is! and Toby, giving it a bite of joy, rolls it across the room, runs after, seizes, brings it back, and stands, with a look in his eyes which says plain as words, "Please hide it again."

But the mistress says: "You must have your breakfast first. No more ball, Toby, till you have eaten your bread-and-milk."

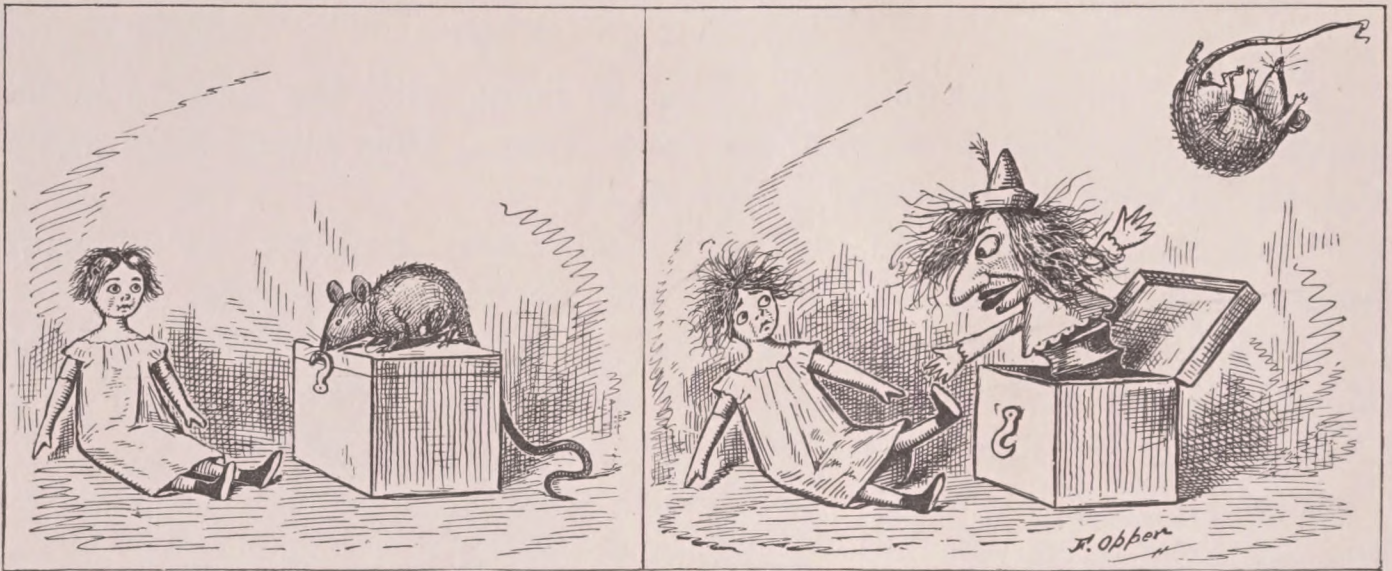
Toby hates bread-and-milk. He eyes the plate and growls, but will not go near it. So the mistress, who knows Toby's ways, brings his deadly foe, Mrs. Cracker. Mrs. Cracker is an ugly, black India-rubber doll, with the marks of Toby's teeth all over her body.

"Here she comes," cries the mistress, jerking Mrs. Cracker across the carpet. "Hurry, Toby, hurry! Mrs. Cracker will get it, if you don't."

Mrs. Cracker leans over the plate, and puts her head in the milk. This is too much! Toby makes one bound, flings her aside, and begins to gobble his breakfast as fast as possible. If he shows signs of stopping, Mrs. Cracker is made to draw near. Then Toby is furious. He catches her by the neck, stirs her round in the milk, growls hard, and eats on till every drop of the breakfast is gone and Mrs. Cracker lies high and dry in the empty plate. Then Toby feels that he has conquered, wags a proud tail, and makes a queer noise, which I think must be a song of joy.

Would n't you like to know Toby?

THE MOUSE'S MISTAKE.



"I WONDER WHAT'S IN HERE—IT SMELLS LIKE CHEESE."

BUT IT WAS N'T.



GOING TO LONDON.

By M. M. D.

Up, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
Here we go with baby!
I'm the papa,
You're the ma'ma,
You're the pretty lady!

Up, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
See how fast we're going!
Feel the jar
Of the car?
Feel the wind a-blowing?

Up, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
Here we are this minute!
Rock a chair
Anywhere,
When we two are in it.

THE BUMBLE-BEE.

THE bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,
He flew to the top of the tulip-tree;
He flew to the top, but he could not stop,
For he had to get home to his early tea.

The bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,
He flew away from the tulip-tree;
But he made a mistake, and flew into the lake,
And he never got home to his early tea.



"LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER, SING FOR YOUR SUPPER."—*Mother Goose's Melodies.*

JIM AND THE WATER-MELON.



LITTLE JIM FINDS THE WATER-MELON.



BUT HIS MOTHER SUDDENLY COMES IN.

THE LITTLE FROG THAT WAS FED ON NOTHING
BUT PENNIES.

HAVE you ever seen a green frog which was fed on nothing but pennies? Marie had one. It was made of iron, and painted green, with large black eyes, and it was to be used as a savings bank. It was a curious-looking frog, with its green speckled back; and when Marie pressed her finger on its left foot, it opened its mouth wide. Then she dropped a penny in the mouth, and let go of the foot. What do you think froggy did? He shut up his mouth, swallowed the pennies, and winked his two black eyes.

as if to say, "That's good—give me another!" It was such fun to feed the frog and see him wink!

But one day poor froggy was sick. He would not eat nor roll his eyes. Marie did n't know what to do. She shook him till he must have been dizzy. She turned him upside down, she pounded him, but it was all of no avail,—froggy would not move his mouth or eyes. At last she took him to mamma.

"Mamma, dear, froggy will not eat any more!"

"Too bad, indeed!" said mamma. "Let me see what is the matter."

So she looked in the frog's mouth, just as a doctor looks at little girls' tongues when they are ill and cannot eat.

"Why, what is this I see?" said mamma. "Bring me my scissors."

Marie brought the long shears, and mamma thrust them into the frog's mouth, and soon brought out a piece of slate pencil.

"Why, no wonder poor froggy was sick! Now, don't ever put anything in his mouth, my little girl, except pennies, and he will be all right."



Just then the frog gave a wink with both eyes, as he always did when he was well, and little Marie was happy.

"Oh, you good frog!" said she. "Now you shall have a real nice dinner," and she dropped a silver ten-cent piece into his mouth, which he quickly swallowed, seeming to say, by his winks, "I'm all right now."

THE LITTLE DOG WITH THE GREEN TAIL.

ONCE upon a time, there came to the town where all the little dogs live, a strange little dog, whose tail was of a most beautiful bright green color—so very bright that it shone like an emerald. Now, when all the other little dogs saw this, they were filled with admiration and envy, and they all ran to the strange little dog and said:

“Oh, little dog! what makes your tail so beautifully green? Pray tell us, that we may make ours green too, for we never saw anything so lovely in all our lives.”

But the strange little dog laughed and said: “There are many things far



THE LITTLE DOGS DIG HOLES AND GET INTO THEM.

greener than my tail. There is the grass down in the meadow; go and ask that what makes it green, and perhaps it will tell you.”

So all the little dogs ran down into the meadow where the grass was growing, and they said: “Oh, grass, grass! what makes you so green? Pray tell us, that we may all get green tails like the strange little dog’s.”

But all the little blades of grass shook their heads, and said: “We can tell you nothing about that. All we know is, that we were down under the ground last winter, and that when we came up this spring we were all green. You might try that, and perhaps it would make you green too.”

So all the little dogs went to work as fast as they could, and dug holes in the ground; and then they got into them and covered themselves up with earth. But very soon they found that they could not breathe; so they were all obliged to come up again. And when they looked at each other, they

saw to their sorrow that they were not green at all, but just the same colors that they were before—some black, some brown, and some spotted. So then they all went again to the strange little dog, and said :

“ Oh, little dog, little dog ! we have been to the grass, and it has not helped us at all. Now, do please tell us what makes your tail so beautifully green, for we never can be happy till ours are like it.”

But the strange little dog only laughed again, and answered : “ My tail is not the only green thing in the world. There are the leaves on the great oak-tree ; they are very green indeed. Go and ask them what makes them so, and perhaps they will tell you.”

So all the little dogs ran as fast as they could to the great oak-tree, and called out to the little leaves : “ Oh, little leaves ! what makes you so beauti-



THE LITTLE DOGS TUMBLE OUT OF THE TREE.

fully green ? Do tell us, that we may all get green tails like the strange little dog's.”

But the little leaves all shook their heads, and said : “ We know nothing about that. We came out of our buds last spring, and then we were very pale. But we danced about, and the more we danced the greener we grew. Perhaps, if you come up here and dance, you will grow green too.”

So all the little dogs climbed up the tree as fast as they could, and tried to dance about on the branches. But they were not fastened on like the little leaves, so they all fell down and hurt themselves very much ; and when they got up and looked at each other, they were not any greener than before. So then they all cried bitterly, and they ran once more to the strange little dog, and said : “ Oh, little dog, little dog ! we have tried the way that the leaves told us, and we have only hurt ourselves dreadfully, and have not got

green at all. And now, if you do not tell us, we shall all die of grief, for we never can rest again till our tails are green."

But the strange little dog only laughed more than ever, and said: "What stupid creatures you are, to think that there is nothing green in the world except my tail. There is the Sea; he is twenty times as green as my tail. Go and ask him, and he will surely tell you all about it, for he is very wise and knows everything."

So all the little dogs ran as fast as they could down to the shore; and there was the great hungry Sea prowling up and down, twirling his white moustaches and tossing his white hair, and looking very green and very



THE LITTLE DOGS GO DOWN TO THE SEA.

fierce. The little dogs were very much frightened, but they took courage when they thought of the beautiful green tail, and they said, trembling:

"Oh, great Sea! the strange little dog told us that you were very wise and knew everything, and that you would tell us how to make our tails green like his."

The great Sea smiled wickedly, and answered: "Oh, yes, my children, I can tell you. I am green myself, and I make everything green that touches me. So let me take you in my arms a moment, and you will all become beautifully green just like me."

So the great hungry Sea held out his long green arms, and beckoned to them with his white hands; and the poor little dogs all shut their eyes and jumped in, and in less than a minute the Sea gobbled them all up, so that not one was left. And there was an end of all the little dogs. And the strange little dog went back to the place he came from, with his green tail curled up behind him; and he never was seen or heard of again.

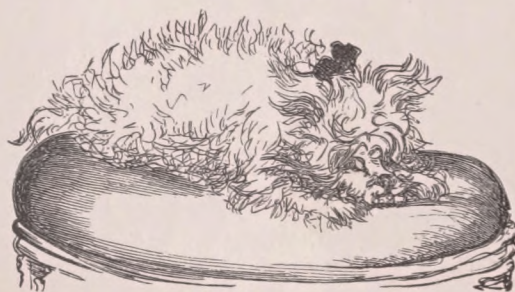


FLUFFY AND SNUFFY.

BY CARRIE W. THOMPSON.



FLUFFY was a little girl, with some nice clean clothes on ;
Snuffy was a little dog, with a naughty nose on.



Fluffy had a bowl of broth given her for dinner ;
Snuffy, from a stool near by, watched her,—little sinner !



Fluffy thought she heard a noise like an organ-grinder ;
Turned her curly head to look through the pane behind her.

Snuffy, when she dropped her spoon, went to learn the reason ;
Mild respect was in his eye,—in his heart was treason.

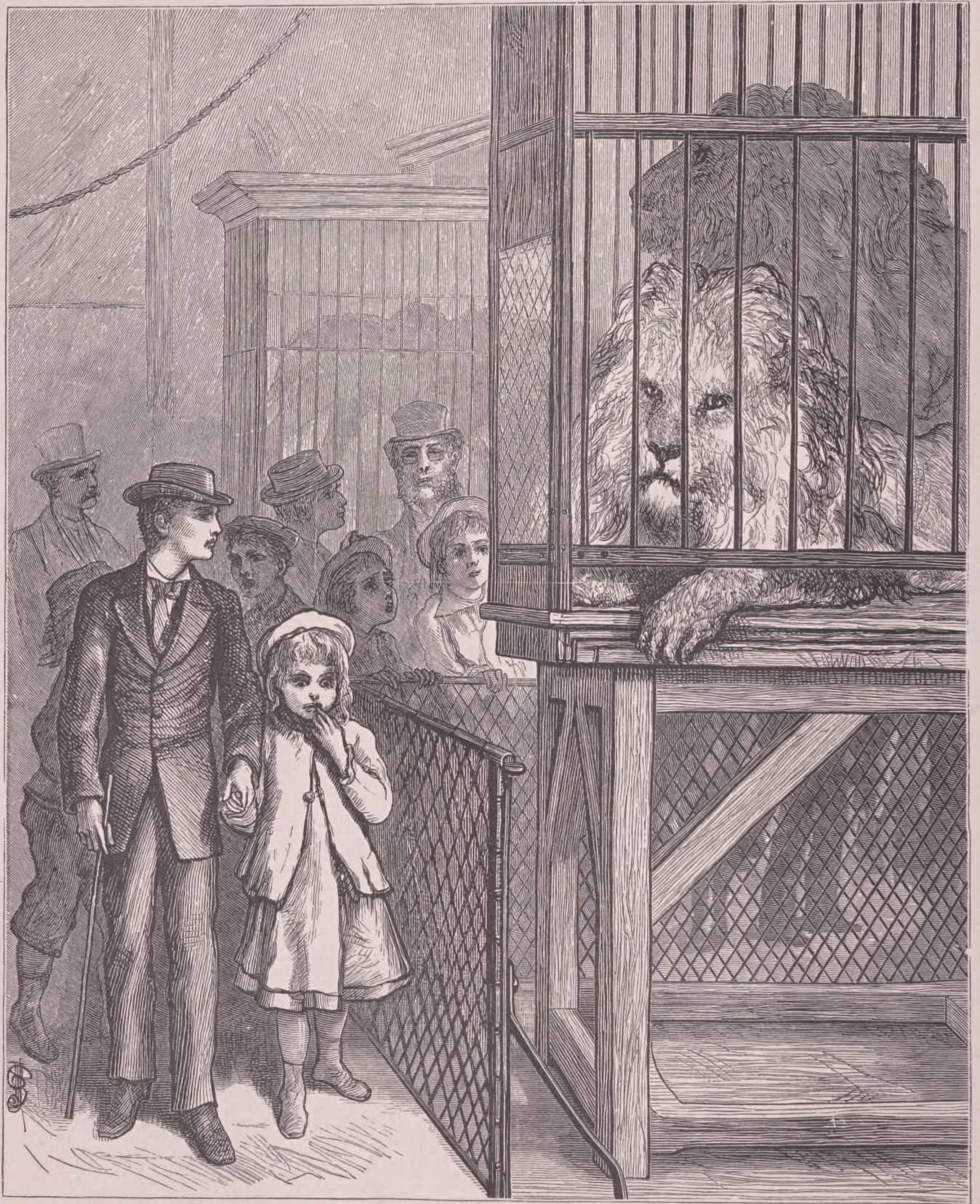


Fluffy's thoughts came back to broth, at the time precisely,
That he turned it upside down, just to cool it nicely.

Fluffy cried and ran away, with no nice clean clothes on;
And Snuffy was a little dog, with an injured nose on.



AT THE MENAGERIE.



THIS is Bessie's first visit to the menagerie. She heard the lion roar, and now she is afraid to look at him. Her big brother is not afraid. He thinks the lion is a splendid fellow.



DEAR OLD ROBINSON CRUSOE.

THE FROGS' PICNIC.

THERE were once five little frogs who had a holiday. They all agreed that it would be great fun to go on a picnic, and so their mothers told



THE SMALLEST FROG TAKES A SWIM.

them that they might go, if they would be careful and not get their feet dry. You know that when a frog is right well, his feet always feel cool and damp. If you ever catch a well frog you can feel his feet, and see if this is not so.

So off these five frogs started, all in high glee, and bound to make a merry day of it. They soon reached a small woods with a pretty

stream running through it, and there they agreed to have their picnic. They hid their dinners, which they had brought with them, behind a small bush, and then they began to play games. They played a good many very nice games, suitable for little frogs, and enjoyed themselves very much, jumping about in the damp grass and among the wet leaves in the woods; for it was yet quite early in the day, and the dew was still on the ground.

But after a while the sun rose higher, and the day became warmer, and then these little frogs did not care so much for jumping and hopping about on dry land. So they all sat down to rest near the edge of the stream.

Very soon the smallest frog said he was warm and dry, and he jumped into the water to take a swim.

"Come on in!" he called out to the others. "It's splendid! I did not know how uncomfortable it was out there."

"Oh, ho!" said the oldest frog, "we're not going in the water. We can do that any day. Don't you know this is a picnic?"

"Yes, I know it is, and that's the reason I want to have all the fun I can. You had better come in before your feet get dry, and you make yourselves sick."

The other frogs thought that this little fellow was very silly. One of them turned her back on him and would not have a word to say to him. The second largest frog grinned at him until his mouth stretched out nearly as wide as his body, and said:

"You must be a simpleton! Going in to swim when we are out on a picnic, and want to have a good time doing things that we don't do every day. You might as well have staid at home."

But the little frog did not mind what the others said. He just swam about and enjoyed himself.

The other frogs thought that this was very ridiculous and improper, but as they looked at him he seemed so comfortable in the clear, cool stream, that they almost wished it was yesterday or to-morrow, or some day which was not a picnic-day, so that they might go in too.

Sometimes the little frog came out and wanted to play. But they did not care about playing, and as the day wore on they began to feel so badly that they agreed to consider that the picnic was over.

The minute this was settled the five frogs sprang altogether into the air and came down *splash!* into the water.

Oh how delightful and cool it was!

"No more picnics for me!" cried the widest-mouthed fellow. "I go in for enjoying myself."

"Well," said the little frog, "I don't see why we can't have a picnic without thinking that we must do something uncommon all the time. I think that frogs can often have lots more fun doing the things that they do every day, than when they try to do something that they are not used to."

That was a very wise little frog.



BROKEN TOYS.

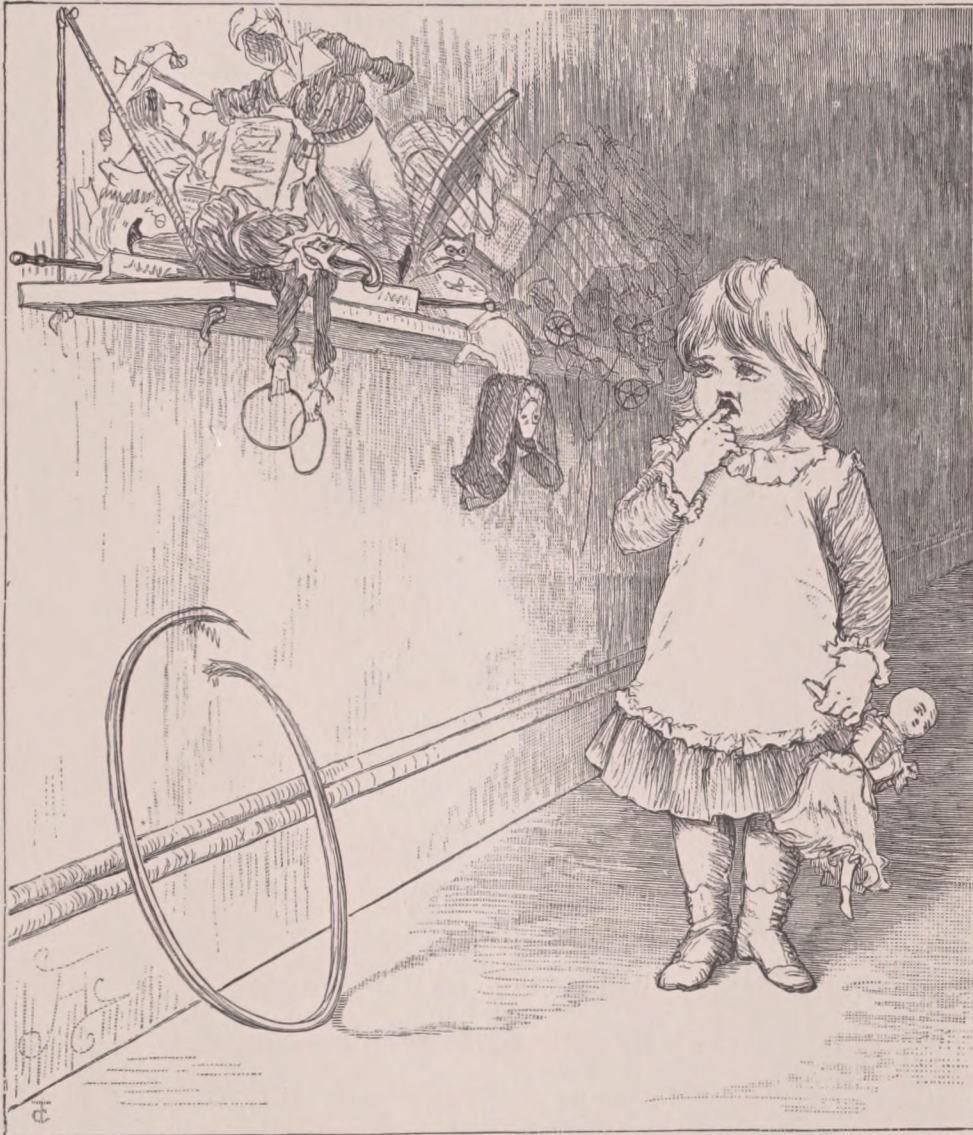
A LITTLE girl, just four years old,
Had many a pretty toy,
And did not try to keep them nice,
But only to destroy.

Her mother's scissors she would get
And clip the things she found,
Till cloth and pictures on the floor,
Cut into bits, lay round.

Her family of dolls, alas!
When they were put to bed,
This one had lost a leg or arm,
And that would have no head.

One day, a darling doll came home,
The prettiest in the world,
Its eyes so blue, its cheeks so red,
Its fair locks neatly curled.

But in one week how sad a wreck,
For all its cost and care!
Its legs and arms and nose were gone,
And its poor head was bare.



THE SHELF OF BROKEN TOYS.

Then her papa hung up a shelf,
And placed there in a row
Her broken toys, and, oh! they made
A very ugly show.

But when the mischiefs she had done
This little girl had seen,
Oh, then she cried and said: "Mamma,
How naughty I have been!"

A MILLION little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said:
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched,
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
And stole them all away.

A BLACK-NOSED kitten will slumber all the day;
A white-nosed kitten is ever glad to play;
A yellow-nosed kitten will answer to your call,
And a gray-nosed kitten I would n't have at all.



AN OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.



GULLIVER is the hero of a famous book by Jonathan Swift. He once was in a country where all the people and animals were very, very small. Here he is in the picture showing his watch to two little men who have climbed up to his knee. They think he is a 'mighty giant. One of the others is pointing to his big sword: another is trying to master a little horse, that has taken fright at the stranger's shoes. Why, if the horse and rider were to ride right over Gulliver's feet, he would n't care! When you get older you can read about Gulliver and his visit to Lilliput, the country of the little men.

THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. I.)



LITTLE Dutch Gretchen sat in the kitchen,
Eating some nice sauerkraut,
When the little dog Schneider
Came and sat down beside her,
And little Dutch Gretchen went out.

THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. II.)



LITTLE Peeky-Wang-Foo, with her chopsticks so new,
Sat eating her luncheon of rice,
When a rat running by,
On the rice cast his eye,
And Peeky ran off in a trice.

THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. III.)



HANS, the small Esquimaux, sat out on the snow,
Sucking some bits of dried seals,
When a white Polar bear
Came and asked for his share,
And Hans quickly took to his heels.

THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. IV.)



LITTLE Julia Ap-Jones stood on the cold stones,
Nibbling a morsel of cheese,
When a little Welsh rabbit,
Running by, tried to grab it,
Quite forgetting to say, "If you please."

THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. V.)



PETITE Marie Martin,
En mangeant du pain,
D'un corbeau reçoit une visite.
Dit-elle, "Eh bien !
Je vous laiss'rai mon pain.
Au revoir !" Et elle sortit très-vite.

THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. VI.)



LITTLE TRADJA of Norway,
She sat in the door-way,
Eating her reindeer broth;
There came a big badger,
And little Miss Tradja
Soon carried her meal further north.

THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. VII.)



LITTLE Biddy O'Toole, on her three-leggid stool,
Was 'atin' her praties so hot,
Whin up shtep'd the pig,
Wid his appetoite big,
And Biddy vacated the spot.



THE BROKEN PITCHER.

POOR Toto and Gretel! It was such fun to carry the big pitcher to the pump together—and now it is broken! They don't know just how it happened, but they are quite sure that their mother will say: "Oh, Toto and Gretel! How could you be so careless!"

HOW TOMMY CAME HOME.

TOMMY was a tame bird. You see him in the picture, sitting on the back of a chair. Sometimes he was shut up in his cage ; but he was so tame, and knew the family so well, that he was often allowed to fly about the room. One day, a window happened to be open when Tommy was out of his cage, and he thought it would be a good thing for him to go out of doors for a little while. So he went out. He flew up into a tree, and it was so nice and cool there that he soon flew into another tree, and so he kept on flying about until it was night, and he was a long way from home. Tommy now began to get hungry, and to wish himself back in his cage, where he knew there was plenty of nice seed. But he did not know exactly which way to go, for it was quite dark, and he was not used to being out-of-doors at night. So he went to sleep on a limb of a tree ; but before he shut his eyes, he made up his mind that he would wake up very early and try to catch a worm. But when he awoke it was not very early, and the country birds, who live out-of-doors all the time, had caught all the worms. So poor Tommy felt so badly that he did not even try to find his way home.

When his kind master missed Tommy, he was very sorry, and he went looking all about for him, whistling a little tune that Tommy liked. But no Tommy answered him. After breakfast, the next day, a gentleman came to Tommy's master's house and said, "I saw a bird like your Tommy in a tree back of Mr. Scott's barn. He whistled just like Tommy." So Tommy's master took the bird-cage and ran all the way to Mr. Scott's barn. And there in a tree was Tommy ! So his master began to whistle the little tune Tommy liked, and Tommy was glad enough to hear that tune, and he whistled it too. His master put the cage on the ground and opened the door, and then he stepped to one side and whistled again. In a few minutes Tommy flew down on the ground and hopped along to the cage. When he saw that it was really his own cage, he went in and began to eat seed as fast as he could. Then his master shut the door and took him home, and he was very glad indeed to get Tommy again.

Now you see that if Tommy's master had not been kind to him, the poor lost bird would have been afraid to come down from the tree and go into his cage. But Tommy had been so kindly treated that he was not afraid, and so his master got him again.

If you have a bird or any other pet, you ought to remember this story and be kind to your pet, and then, if it should get lost, it may be as glad to see you as Tommy was to see his master.





THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

THIS engraving is copied from a beautiful painting by an English artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds. He died many years ago. Are you not glad that he painted this dear little girl's picture? Her queer basket, or pottle, is full of strawberries. I hope she will sell them, don't you? She wants to earn some money for her mother.

WEE little house with the golden thatch;
Twice I knocked and I lifted the latch:
“And pray, is the mistress here?”
“In black stuff gown and a yellow vest,
She ’s busily packing her honey-chest;
Will you taste a bit, my dear?”



THE moon came late to the twinkling sky,
To see what the stars were about :
“Fair night,” quoth she, “are the family in?”
“Oh ! no, they are, every one, out.”

ABOUT TWO LITTLE BOYS.

By K. A. M.



Two little boys, all neat and clean,
Came down upon the shore;
They did not know old Ocean's ways—
They'd ne'er seen him before.



So quietly they sat them down,
To build a fort of sand;
Their backs were turned upon the sea,
Their faces toward the land.



They had just built a famous fort—
The handkerchief flag was spread—
When up there came a stealthy wave,
And turned them heels over head.



WHAT MAY HAPPEN WHEN LITTLE BOYS PLAY LEAP-FROG TOO MUCH.

THREE LITTLE DOGS.

TRIP.

THIS is Jane's dog Trip. See how fast he runs! He has been sent with a note from Jane to her friend Kate.



TRIP.

Trip will run to Kate's house, and scratch the door, and whine to be let in. Then Kate will come and take the note, and pat him on the head and say, "Good Trip! how is Jane?"

"Bow, wow!" says Trip. That means, "Jane is well; and how are you, Kate?"

Kate says, "Come in, Trip, and wait; I will write back to Jane."

So Trip goes in, and jumps up by her chair, and barks, while she writes her note.

Then she folds it, and writes Jane's name on the back. Down at one side she puts these words, "Care of Trip." That means Trip is to take good care of the note, and not lose it.

Trip takes the note in his teeth, and runs with it back to Jane, and does not play by the way. They think he is the best dog in the world.

JIM.

KATE has a dog too, and his name is Jim. She does not send him with notes, but he is a good dog, and he is such a firm friend to Kate's bird, Tom, that he will let Tom come and jump on his back, which is a nice soft and warm place for the bird to rest on.



JIM.

If Tom could say that he would like to have one or two hairs from Jim's back to help make a nest, Jim would let him have them. But Tom

cannot talk to Jim, or if he does chirp in the dog's ear, the dog does not know what he means. But they are such good friends, and Tom is so glad to see Jim, and Jim is so glad to see Tom, that they do not need to know how to talk. So if Tom feels that he would like to have a hair or two, he just takes them, and Jim does not mind it much.

ROB.

ROB is a good dog too, but he will bark when a man or a boy does what he thinks is wrong. He is John Hale's dog. John is a friend of both Kate and Jane.

Rob does not like bad dogs, and he will bite them if they are not too big. One day he saw a small dog who was so cross and mean that he would bark at all the girls who went to school past his box or house.

So Rob thought that this small dog should learn to keep cool; and he took him in his mouth and let him drop in a pond. The small dog did not like this, and when he came out he went home as fast as he could, and to this day he does not bark at the girls when Rob is near.

But if this cross small dog should fall into a pond or a creek, and if he could not swim well, and so could not get out, and if Rob should come by and see him in the pond, Rob would jump in and help him out all the same as if he were a good dog; for Rob is kind to those who need his help, but at the same time he knows how to treat those who are bad and mean.

There are some men and boys, and girls too, who might learn from Rob a good deal that it would be well for them to know.

They might learn that we should not make friends with those who are bad, but that we should do good to all who need our help, if they are good or if they are bad.

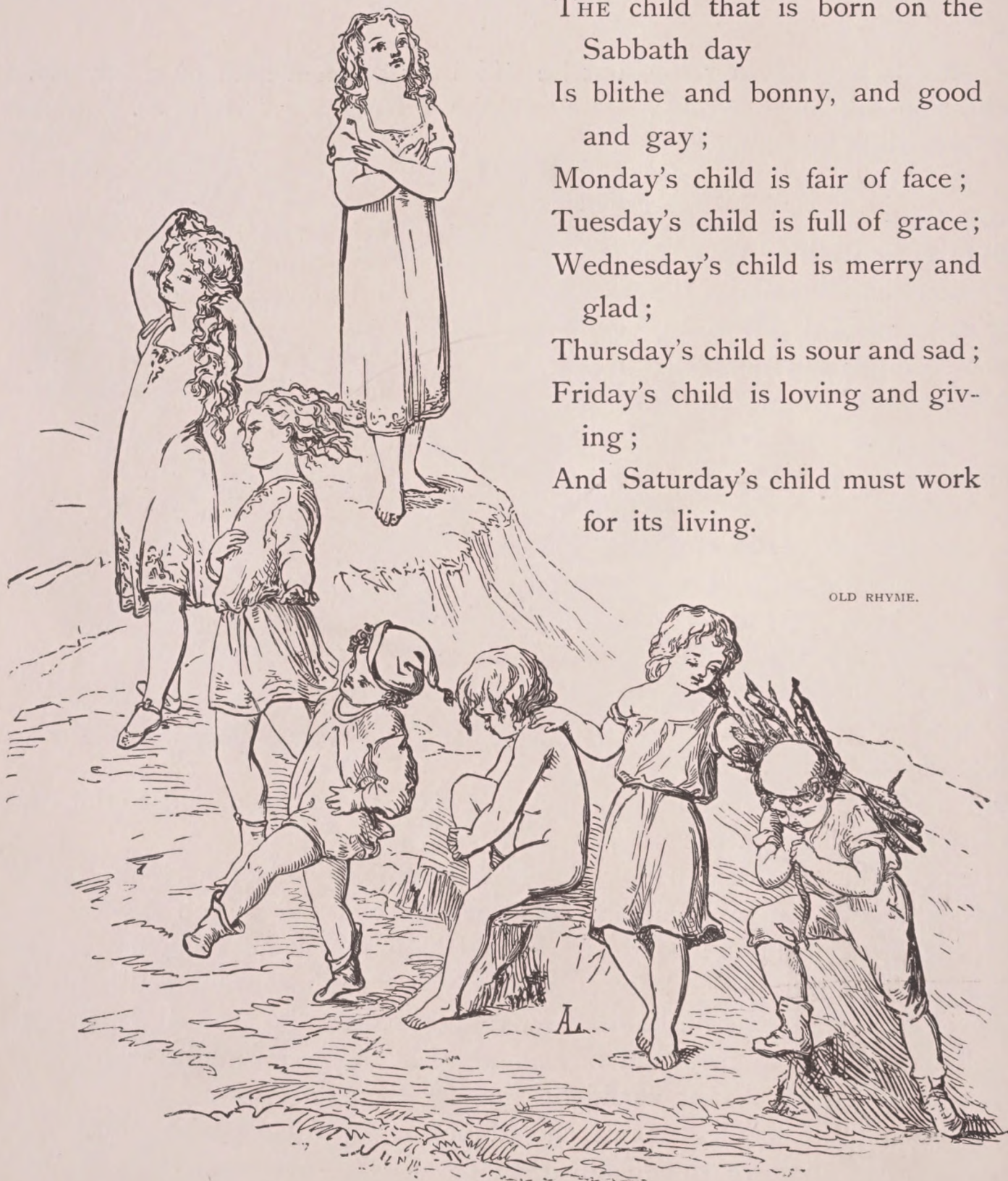


ROB.

CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

THE child that is born on the
Sabbath day
Is blithe and bonny, and good
and gay ;
Monday's child is fair of face ;
Tuesday's child is full of grace ;
Wednesday's child is merry and
glad ;
Thursday's child is sour and sad ;
Friday's child is loving and giv-
ing ;
And Saturday's child must work
for its living.

OLD RHYME.



THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN.

THERE was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Seventy times as high as the moon;
Where she was going I could n't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.



“Old woman! Old woman!
Old woman!” said I,
“O whither, O whither,
O whither so high?”
“To sweep the cobwebs
Out of the sky;
And I shall be back again
By and by.”

MOTHER GOOSE.



BRAVE TIM, THE CENTENNIAL CAT.

By F. W. S.

THERE lived in the village of Pleasant-town an interesting family of cats. Their names were Tab, Tim, and Puss. Tab, the mother, died, and left Tim and Puss to seek

their own living. They first wandered down to the edge of the woods, where there was a pretty little brook. The cats sat down by the edge of the water and watched the shining perch glide swiftly by. They wished very much that they could catch some of them, for they were very hungry. Finding their wishes were vain, they hid in a corner, and both fell asleep.



TIM AND PUSS WATCH THE FISHES.

Not far from the woods a circus-tent had been pitched. The music, the beating of drums, and the general noise, woke up the kittens in a fright.

Puss began to mew sadly ; but Tim, who was brave and daring, started for the circus grounds, followed by timid Puss.

At length they found a good hiding-place among some loose boards, close

to the great balloon that lay swelling and puffing upon the ground. Tim was in delight, for close by he spied some pieces of the men's dinners, and soon he and Puss made a good meal. Puss then stretched herself upon some dried leaves, to watch the people; while Tim scampered among the boards, and cut up all the capers he could think of.

Now the fun began! The great balloon was filling, and the air rang with shouts. No one noticed Tim, who had lost all fear, and was even climbing ropes and darting like lightning all around.

"There! she's going!" bellowed the boys, as the balloon was ready to begin her voyage.

Tim, not knowing his danger, had given a spring and was holding tightly to the rope which hung from the basket. Suddenly, the air-ship shot upward, with Tim—luckless Tim!—clutching the swaying rope.

"Hip! hip! hurrah! hurrah!!"

"Look! look!" roared men and boys. "See the

cat dangling!—ha! ha! ha!" They all expected to see Tim tumbling down among them, but in this they were mistaken. Tim was brave still. He did not let go his hold.



TIM CLINGS TO THE ROPE.

"This is seeing the world!" he thought as he was whirled through the air.

Now he heard a voice. It said: "You brave scamp, I'll haul you in!" Tim's heart beat wildly as he felt a hand lifting him into the basket, and heard the same voice say: "Poor fellow! you are safe now."

Tim curled himself in a corner to listen, and to wonder where in the big world he would land, and if he would ever see Puss again.

"Never mind," he thought; "Puss is pretty and gentle, and will be sure to find friends. I mean to see the world."

The balloon sailed gayly on, and Tim more than once caught the word "Centennial." "What does it mean?" he thought, pricking his ears.

Tim caught the word "Centennial" again. The friendly voice he had first heard began. It said:

"We will drop down a little, and sail right over the show."

They were just in time. The bright sun shone down upon a glorious scene. Palaces, grand and high, looked upward; statues and fountains, flowers and beautiful shrubs, high trees, and winding paths lay below, and thousands and thousands of people thronged in and about all the buildings.

"Oh, the world!" again thought Tim, as he stretched his neck over the basket. "And this is the 'Centennial,' too! Oh, oh! how nice!"

"Honor to the brave!" Tim heard these words. He opened his eyes, and saw that the beautiful moon was shining over the river, upon the ships, and falling like a crown upon the tops of the Jersey pines.

"We shall come down in a very good place," said Tim's friend, after a while, "and I'll take charge of the little fellow. He's too courageous a scamp to turn adrift here."

Tim's heart grew big with gratitude, and he purred so loud that his friend caressed him tenderly, saying: "You shall have a soft place upon the parlor rug, and be the children's plaything."

"Not I," thought Tim; "that would suit Puss. I'm too brave a cat to waste life so. It's the world for me,—the great, wonderful world that I want to see! But I won't forget my friend, nor Puss. Poor Puss!"

That morning he was taken to his new home. Tim thought his master's house very fine. The carpets were soft and rich; the children pretty and kind. But as he stretched himself up before the parlor glass, he said:

"Mew, mew, mew! The big world for me!"

Full of his fancies, Tim curled himself up in a warm, sunny spot, just to settle his plans, for the children had gone out to the "Centennial."

"I'll hear all I can to-night," he said, "and to-morrow I'll go to the Centennial."

Tim entertained the family that evening with all his antics, as payment for their kindness, because he expected to leave them next day.

Accordingly, when daylight peeped in at the windows, Tim was all ready—up and dressed! Dressed? Yes, the cunning fellow had borrowed a pair

of the baby's boots, which were of a lovely pink; a large paper collar from his master; and some red, white, and blue ribbons from the little girls.

Off the fellow proudly strutted, reaching the Centennial grounds in good time. Little did he care for the smiles of proud ladies, the laughter of saucy children, or the many foreign fingers that were pointed at him; while, in tongues unknown to him, they asked, "What is it?"

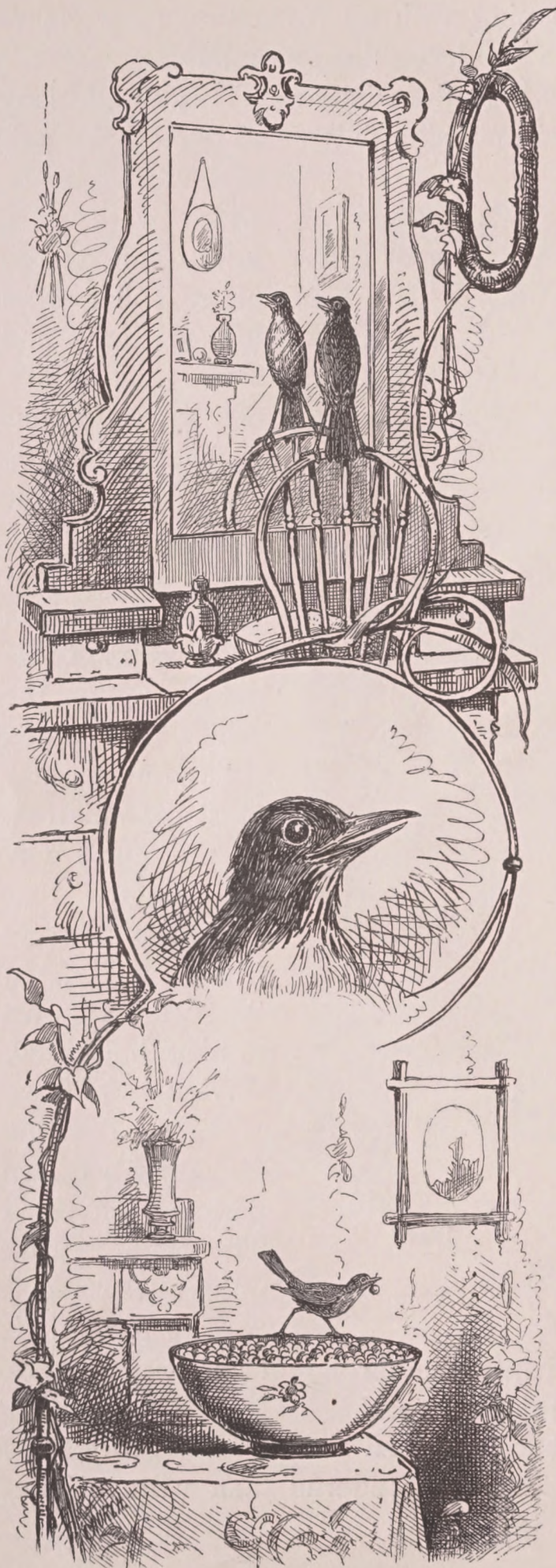
"They take me for a mighty prince perhaps!" chuckled Tim, with a wink of his eye. "I look so very foreign!"



TIM AT THE CENTENNIAL.

He pricked up his ears and rushed into the throng of curiosity seekers, still bent upon seeing all he could of the gay world.

Now I assure you, dear children, that among all the wonderful curiosities of the present day, there is none more truly wonderful than "Brave Tim, our Centennial Cat"—if you only can find him.



THE ROBIN'S VISIT.

ONCE a robin flew into a pretty room; and just as he went in, the wind banged the window-blinds shut, so he could not get out again.

At first he did not mind, but flew about and lit on the bright picture-frames, and wished his pretty wife were with him to enjoy the pleasant place. Then he rested on the back of a small chair, and then he saw another robin!

"O-ho!" sang he to himself,—
"here is some one else. I must speak to him: 'Whew! Mr. Robin, glad to meet you. My name is Cock Robin. What do they call this place?'"

But the other robin did not answer. He only opened his mouth and jerked his head from side to side just as Mr. Cock Robin did. You see the other robin lived in the looking-glass, and could not speak.

"A rude fellow!" chirped Mr. Cock Robin to himself. "Not worth talking to! Ah! yonder are some fine cherries! I'll eat some."

The cherries were in a bowl on the table. Mr. Cock Robin helped himself. Then he decided to try the other bird once more.

"My friend," sang he softly, as he caught the stem of a fine cherry in his beak and flew to the chair again, "here is a fine cherry for you — Oh! oh!"

Well might Mr. Cock Robin say "Oh!" for there stood the other robin on just such a chair, offering him a cherry in the most polite manner!

"Thanks!" said Mr. Cock Robin. "But, my deaf and dumb friend, as we each have one, we need not stand on cer-e-mo-ny."

So both began to eat.

"He is a fine, sociable fellow, after all," said Mr. Cock Robin.

The door opened, and in came a little girl.

"What's that?" cried Mr. Cock Robin faintly to himself.

The girl clapped her hands for joy, and ran toward him.

Up flew Mr. Cock Robin in a great fright. He whisked past the looking-glass and saw that the other robin was badly scared also. Then he tried to fly out of a closed window where there were no blinds; but he only dashed against some very hard kind of air that hurt his sides. If he had been like you, he would have known that it was window-glass, and not hard air.

"Poor birdie!" said the little girl, as she threw open the window. "You shall go out if you want to."

In an instant, Mr. Cock Robin was flying through the sunlight to his little wife.

"Where *have* you been?" chirped she, as he reached the nest.

"Oh, I've been on a visit," said Mr. Cock Robin—and he told her all about it.

Soon Mrs. Cock Robin said, softly: "I *should* like to see that other one. Was he very handsome, my dear?"

"Handsome!" cried Mr. Robin, sharply. "Handsome! Not at all, my dear—a *very* homely bird, indeed! Yes, ma'am—very homely, and as deaf as a post."

"How dreadful!" sighed Mrs. Cock Robin.

WHAT MY LITTLE BROTHER THINKS.

My little brother is—oh, so funny!

He thinks that a king is made of money;

He thinks little cherubs, overhead,

Hold up the stars to light us to bed.

He thinks that near those cherubs, but under,

Are other cherubs who cause the thunder;

They roll great tables and chairs around,
And growl and roar with an awful sound.

He thinks some quick little cherub scratches,
To make the lightning, a million matches;
Another carries a watering-pot
To wet the earth when it gets too hot.

He thinks—my brother is, oh, so knowing!—
A feather-bed cherub does all the snowing;
He thinks the feathers come sailing down,
And make the snow that whitens the town.

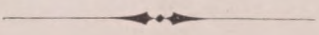
He thinks that a painted mask can eat him;
Or pull his hair; or chase and beat him.
Yes, really thinks a mask is alive!
But my little brother is only five.

He thinks little fairies make the clamor
In grandpa's watch, with a tiny hammer.
He thinks *some* fairies can live in a book;
Or dance in kettles, to frighten cook.

He thinks the grasshoppers bring molasses;
That a fairy over the bright moon passes;
He thinks my Jack-in-the-box is alive,
Like witches who go to the sky for a drive.

He thinks our "sis" is her dolly's mother—
My dear, absurd little baby brother!
Yes, thinks he is UNCLE, and feels quite grand
To lead his niece about by the hand!

But, the best of all, he is really certain
He once saw Santa Claus through the curtain;
And he thinks Old Santy'll come by and by,
On Christmas Eve—and so do I.





WHAT THE PARROT TAUGHT THE LITTLE GIRL.

PECKY was just a poor poll parrot, with nothing of his own but his pretty gray feathers and sharp beak, that could bite little fingers when they came too near his cage; and yet this same Pecky taught Katie Scott a very useful lesson. When he was first brought home, Katie was just the happiest little girl! "Mamma!" she cried. "Mamma, please, he must be placed where he can see Libbie and Mary play croquet!"

Libbie and Mary lived next door, and, when the weather was fine, the three friends—Katie, Libbie and Mary—used to have fine games on the lawn between the two houses.

There were four friends when Pecky came, for he was put close by the window, where he could see the fun. Before long, he learned many new words. He would cry, "Croquet her away! Take care, Katie! I have won! Ha! ha! ha!" And he could laugh louder than any of them. They thought there never was such a wonderful pet.

Katie told her mamma it was "just the *cunningest*, nicest little polly in the world." So it was; and Katie was one of the nicest little girls in the world when she could have what she wanted, but sometimes little people want what is not good for them. One day, at dinner, mamma said:

"You can't have any more melon, Katie dear; it will make you ill!"

I hope none of the little girls and boys who read this would do as Katie Scott did;—I am really sorry to have to tell it;—she threw herself on the floor, and kicked and screamed so loudly, that Libbie and Mary, who were playing outside, heard her.

"What is that noise?" asked Mary.

"Oh!" said Libbie, "it is just Katie Scott—*Cry-baby!*"

Libbie did not know that she was heard, but such was the case. Mr. Pecky had two little sharp ears open, and turning one up and then the other, he walked up and down chuckling to himself, as much as to say: "I guess I know what *that* means!" And then he cried softly, imitating Katie's voice: "Boo—hoo! Boo, hoo, hoo!"

He did not forget it for a whole week, and I am glad to say that, for a while, his little mistress was a perfectly good girl.

But there came a day—a damp, cold day—and mamma said there could be no croquet. Katie forgot that she was trying to be good, and, lying down near Pecky's perch, screamed like a very naughty child.

Pecky thought so, I know. He watched her some time, then jumped

down to the floor of his cage, crying: "Bo-o-o-o! Boo, hoo! Bo-o-o-o!" Katie very quickly stopped crying, peeped up at him, and ran out of the room very much ashamed. Mamma and Aunt Jane laughed, and Pecky thought: "I must have done something very funny. I'll just do it again! Oh, yes, I'll do it again!"

And he did it all that day, whenever any one came into the room.

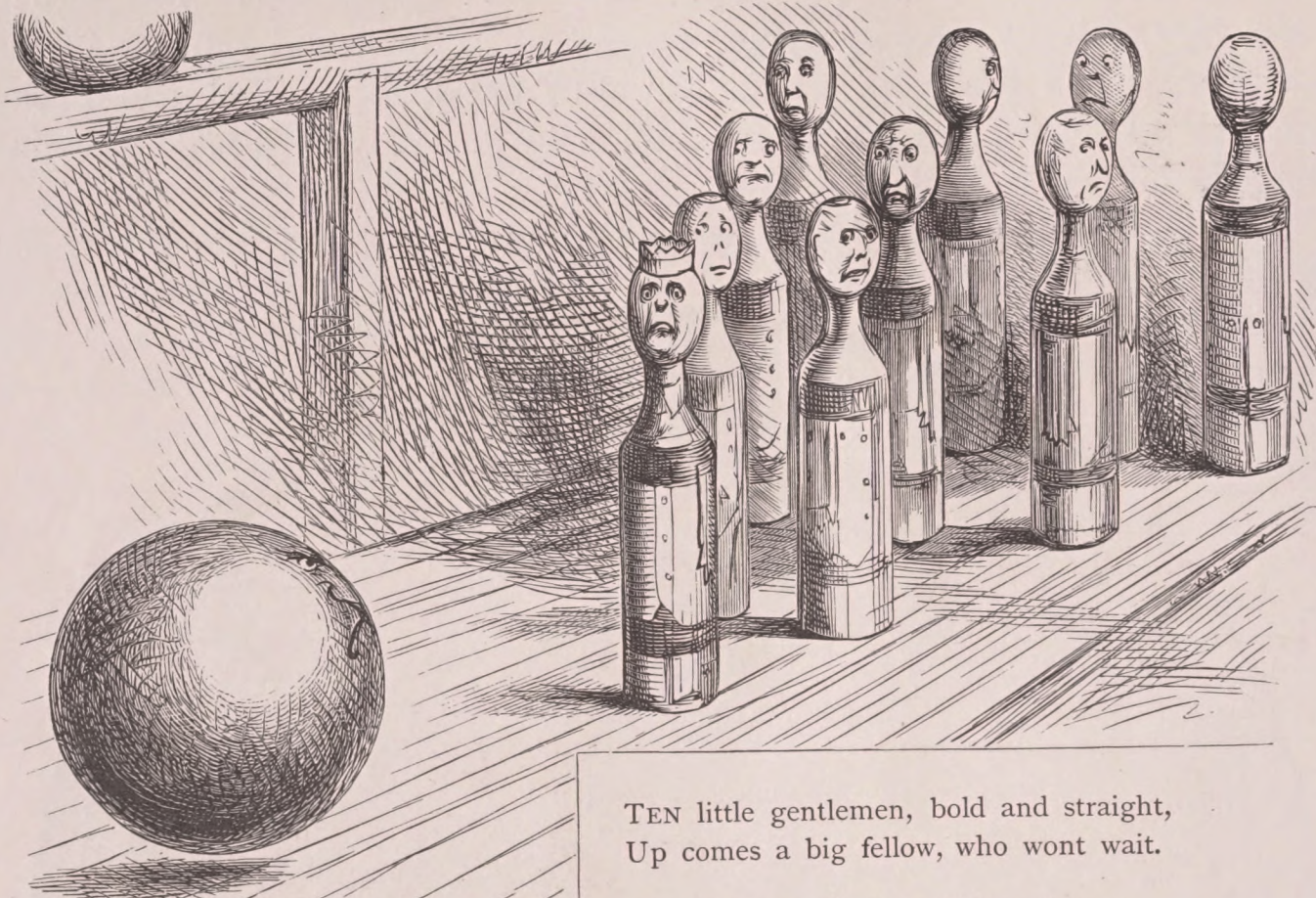


PECKY.

When mamma was putting Katie to bed that evening, a little voice whispered: "Mamma, *wont* you make Pecky stop doing *that*?"

What do you think mamma said? She whispered to Katie: "When Polly does not see any little girl doing so, I am sure he will forget it."

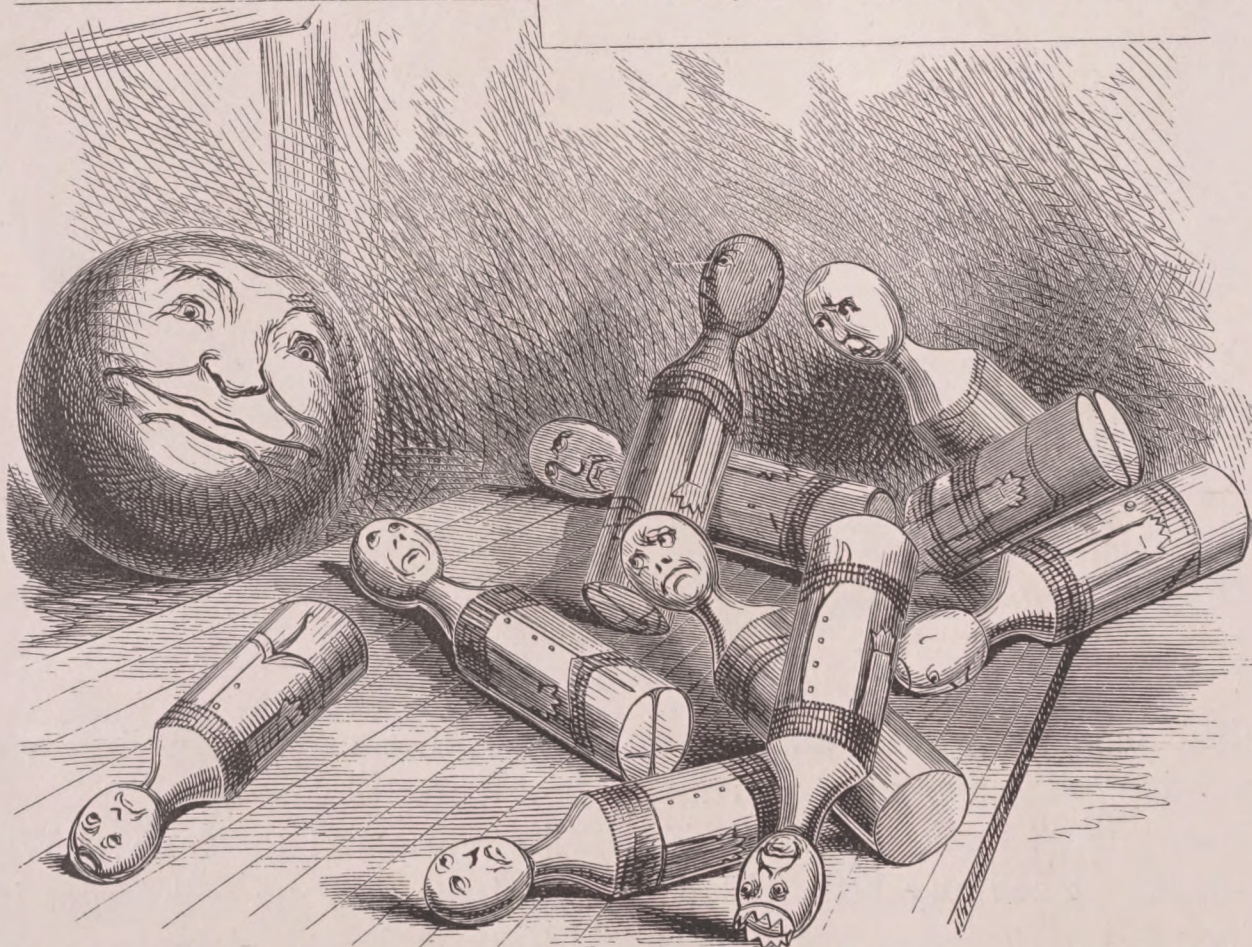
"Then I'll never do so any more!" said Katie. And she kept her word.



F. Beard

TEN little gentlemen, bold and straight,
Up comes a big fellow, who wont wait.

Ten little gentlemen, all in a heap ;
Should n't you think they would feel rather cheap ?



TONY'S FIRST STILTS.



"I WILL WALK ON MY NEW STILTS."



"DON'T BELIEVE THIS IS QUITE THE WAY."



"AM VERY SURE IT'S NOT."



"NOW I HAVE IT."



"HERE WE GO!"



A LITTLE MIXED.



"OH!"



WHERE'S TONY?

FOUR YEARS OLD.

BY L. G. WARNER.



"THERE'S NEVER A WINK MORE SLUMBER."

BRIGHT in the early morning
His brown eyes open wide,
And there's never a wink more slumber
To be thought of at his side.



"AND DOWN TO HIS BREAKFAST GOES."

Awake from his hair all a-tumble
To the tips of his springing toes,
Into his clothes he dances,
And down to his breakfast goes.

Then out with his little barrow,
And where, oh! where is his spade?
To-day his corn must be planted,
And all of his garden made.



"TO-DAY HIS CORN MUST BE PLANTED."

Don't speak to him,—proud young farmer,
Half lost in his big straw hat;
If you dare to suggest an errand,
Not a minute has he for that!

Ten minutes, and "Where is my hammer
And nails?—drate big uns," he calls.
Lo! his garden is turned to a cellar,
And now he must put up his walls!



'OH NO, I'M A BUILDER NOW.'

What, you, my brave young farmer?
 "Oh no, I'm a builder now.
 I build big barns and houses;
 Come out and I'll show you how."

Soon, starting, he hears the oxen
 Dragging the big hay-cart;
 And, houses and barns forgotten,
 Away he flees like a dart.



"SO, WHIP ON HIS SHOULDER, HE MARCHES."

"Please, Hugh, let me be driver;
 I'll keep right here by the side."
 So, whip on his shoulder, he marches
 With more than a soldier's pride.

Now back, calling, "Mamma, mamma,
 Here's a 'tunnin' hop-stool for you;
 'Twas growing close up by the fountain,—
 Oh dear! *now* what shall I do?"



"WHOA! WHO'LL HAVE A RIDE WITH ME?"

Why, there is my fast, wild Rollo,—
 Whoa! who'll have a ride with me?
 This small one's my work-horse, 'Daisy';
 He's steady and old, you see."

So, hour after hour, through the daytime,
 He works and plays with a will;
 The brown little hands always busy,
 The quick little feet never still,



"PLEASE, IS N'T IT STORY TIME?"

Until, when at last the evening
Drops down like a soothing chime,
A tired little voice comes calling,
"Please, is n't it story time?"

Then, two dear arms, all caressing,
Are 'round me, and sweet, low words



"GOOD-NIGHT! I LOVE YOU!"

I hear,—as gentle and tender
As the cooing good-night of birds.

And he, the bright eyes half-closing,
With kisses on cheek and brow,
Says softly, "Good-night! I love you!
I'm only your little boy now."



THE LAUGHING DUCK.

ONCE there was a little boy, who lived in a pretty house in the country. Near the house, quite outside the garden wall, was a small pond, where ducks swam; and this little boy, whose name was Tom, liked to watch the ducks whenever his mamma or his nurse, or whoever he happened to be with, had time to stop, for Tom was not a big enough boy to play alone by the pond.

One morning, as he was coming from the village with his older brother



Joe, a large duck came waddling up on the border of the pond, and stretched out its neck, and said:

“Quack, qua-qua-qua-qua-qua-qua.”

“Hear that duck laugh!” said little Tom.

“O yes,” said Joe, who was quite a tease, “he’s laughing at you!”

“I did n’t do anything,” said Tom, much troubled.

“Qua-qua-qua-qua-qua-qua!” said the duck.

“Shut the gate, Joe,” said Tom. “I don’t want to hear that duck laugh.”

Tom thought about the duck after he was at home, and wondered about it, and felt very much annoyed.

“Well, I’ll ask him what he was laughing at,” he said; and, a few

hours later, finding the front door open and no one in sight, he ran out across the lawn, down the avenue, past the stables and hen-yard, and out of the gate down to the little pond where the ducks swam. The ducks, seeing the little boy coming so close to them, thought he meant to harm them, and, as before, one came up out of the water, and, stretching out its neck, said: "Quack, qua-qua-qua-qua-qua."

"What are you laughing at?" said Tom. "Wont you tell me? I don't like you to laugh at me. You are a horrid, naughty duck."

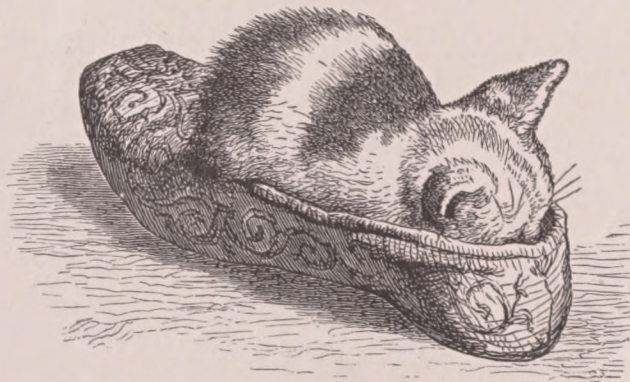
Tom's papa, who was walking by, saw his little boy all alone, and without his hat, by the duck-pond. He called out to him, and Tom came running to meet him. Still the angry duck cried, "Quack, qua-qua-qua-qua-qua!"

"Papa," said Tom, almost crying, "the duck is laughing at me, and I did n't do anything."

"Then why do you mind his laughing?"

"Because I don't like him to laugh at me."

"My boy," said his papa, "the duck is not laughing. That is the only way he has of talking. He can't make any other noise. But it would be well to remember that when you have done no wrong you need not fear being laughed at, and there will be always foolish people ready to laugh at the noblest things you do."



GRANDPAPA'S new slipper,
Lying on the rug;
Little saucy kitty-cat
Thinks it wondrous snug.

Humpy little gray back,
Arched above the toes;
Does she think she's out of sight
If she hides her nose?



OH! I'm my mamma's lady-girl,
And I must sit quite still;
It would not do to jump and whirl,
And get my hair all out of curl,
And rumple up my frill.
No, I'm my mamma's lady-girl,
So I must sit quite still.

JAMIE'S RABBITS.

THESE rabbits belong to little Jamie, who lives in the city almost all the year. A year ago last winter he was very sick, and, when spring came, his mamma took him to the country on a farm, so that he might grow well and strong.

The old farmer was very fond of Jamie, and one day brought home a large basket with a handle at the middle and a lid at each side of the handle.

All the folks soon came around to see what was in the basket, but the farmer said that Jamie must have the first look. Then he set the basket down on the floor, and told Jamie to lift up the lids, and what he should see he could have for his very own! Jamie took a peep with great care, and what do you think he saw? Why, two lovely bunnies,—one all black and the other all white, and the white one had pink eyes! Jamie was so glad that he let fall the lids at once and gave a cry of joy. Then he jumped up and down and clapped his hands, and put his arms about the old farmer's neck, and gave him a good hug and a kiss. After that he took the bunnies to show them to his mamma, and she was glad too, and kissed him, and said he must take great care of them and be kind to them.

Before very long, the old farmer made a small house or hutch to keep the rabbits in, and he and Jamie fed them day by day. They were fond of carrots and turnips and cabbage, and Jamie would go with the farmer into the garden and get these things, and put them in a little basket, and take them to the hutch. Soon the rabbits knew it was meal-time when they saw Jamie come with the basket, and then they would prick up their long ears, and look as if they would like to be polite and say, "Thank you!"

One day, Jamie found them just as you see them in the picture. There was a strange doll with them in the hutch, but he did not know who had put it there. The rabbits did not feel quite safe with the doll. Blackie feared it might hurt, so he kept behind his friend, out of harm's way. Whitey eyed the doll a long time, as if he hoped it might at last prove to be good to eat.

The doll was bald, but he did not look old or worn by care. He did not seem to mind the rabbits at all. If he had known how hungry

they were, he might have wished to run off, and not stay there and smile, and hang his head and arms and legs in that loose way.

Jamie loved his little bunnies very much, and when the time came for him to leave them and go back to the city, he was very, very sorry.



JAMIE'S RABBITS.

But his mamma said her little boy could go to them again next summer, and the old farmer said he would do his best for them through the winter.

So Jamie tried not to fret. He is a good boy, and deserves to have pretty bunnies, for he takes fine care of them.

And—what do you think? Three weeks ago, Jamie was taken to the country to see his bunnies, and he will stay with them till cold weather comes again.



THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

"DEAR me! dear me!"
 Said a busy bee,
 "I'm always making honey,—
 No time to play,
 But work all day.
 Is n't it very funny—
 Very, very funny?"

"Oh, my! oh, my!"
 Said a butterfly,
 "I'm always eating honey;
 And yet I play
 The livelong day.
 Is n't it very funny—
 Very, very funny?"



TOMMY HOPPER'S CHOICE.

TOMMY HOPPER and his sister Susan were standing one day before a toy-shop window. Tommy had twenty-five cents, and he was trying to decide what he would buy. But although there were balls, and bats, and hoops, and kites, and boxes of tools, rocking-horses, sleds, steamboats with real engines, boxes of games, ninepins, battledores and shuttlecocks, steam-cars that moved along a track just like real ones (only not so fast), babies that

crept on their hands and knees if you wound them up, little boys riding on velocipedes, great big humming-tops, and jack-straws, and dear knows what all, Tommy did not hesitate long. In less than half a minute he chose a rocking-horse.

"Oh! you can't buy that for twenty-five cents, Tommy!" cried Susan. "You must choose something cheaper."

Tommy hesitated a little now. The next thing he chose was a box of tools.

"Oh! you little goose!" cried Susan. "That box would cost two or three dollars. Is n't there any small thing that you like which does not cost more than a quarter?"

Tommy was now silent for some time. At last Tommy made a hit: "One of those creeping babies," said he.

"Oh! I can't buy that," said Susan, a little impatient.

"Why, that is ever so little," said Tommy, firmly.

"But, I tell you, you can't buy that for twenty-five cents," said Susan. "Don't you know it creeps?"

"It's littler than our baby at home," said Tommy, grumly.

"Well," said Susan, "you could n't buy that for twenty-five cents."

"Yes, I could," said Tommy.

"You little simpleton!" said Susan, laughing, and shaking him by the shoulders. "If you don't choose something quickly, I'll go away!"

"No, you wont," said Tommy. "I have n't choosed anything yet, and you said you'd wait till I did."

But he liked so many things, and changed his mind so often, that his sister at last said she was tired, and must go home.

"Here, Tommy," she said, as she went away. "You will have to take care of the money, and buy something for yourself."

Tommy was delighted to be free from Susan. She bothered him in his choice. Now he felt he could pick out something he would like, without her all the time telling him that each thing cost too much. So he walked boldly into the store with his twenty-five cents.

After looking around a moment, he stepped up to the man at the counter:

"I want one of those sleds," said he, pointing to a number of handsomely painted sledges near the door.

"Which one will you have?" said the man, coming out from behind the counter, "this green one, or the blue one with red runners?"

Tommy hesitated. The blue one was very handsome, but the green one had a horse painted on the seat.

"I'll take the green one," said he, at last.

"That is three dollars and a half," said the man, looking at Tommy, and noticing, apparently for the first time, what a very little boy he was.

"But it's too much," said Tommy. "I've only got a quarter."

The man laughed.

"You ought to have known whether you had money enough or not, before you asked for it," said he.

"Are all sleds more 'n a quarter?" asked Tommy.

"Yes," said the shopman.

"Good-by," said Tommy, and out he marched.

On his way home he passed a peanut-stand. Tommy stepped up to the man and demanded twenty-five cents' worth of peanuts. Peanuts were cheap in those days, and when Tommy's little pockets were all full, and his hat would scarcely go on his head for nuts, and he had even stuffed some in the waist-band of his trousers, there were yet ever so many peanuts and no place to put them.

"Bother on twenty-five cents!" said Tommy. "In some places it's too little, and in some places it's too much."



WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO A LITTLE BOY WHO WILL NOT HAVE HIS HAIR BRUSHED.

THE BELL-RINGERS.



DING-DONG! ding-dong. ding!

The bell-ring-ers in the pict-ure are re-al cats. Their names are Jet, Blanche, Tom, Mop and Tib. Jet is Black; Blanche is white as snow; Tom stands in the mid-dle; Mop is next; and Tib, who has the small-est bell, has to reach high-est to ring it.

These five bright lit-tle cats—Jet, Blanche, Tom, Mop and Tib—have

been trained to do won-der-ful tricks. They can stand up and beg like dogs; they can lie down and play that they are fast a-sleep; they can march in a row like sol-diers; more than all, they can ring the bells in good time, so soft-ly and sweet-ly that the music is pret-ty e-nough for Christ-mas chimes.

Mr. Bow-en tells a-bout them in a Lon-don book called "The Children's Friend." He says the mas-ter who taught them to ring the bells was al-ways ver-y kind and gen-tle. They knew that he loved them, and that when-ev-er they tried to learn their les-son well, he would give them a nice meal of fish.

Cats like fish as well as you like can-dy,—bet-ter than you like a can-dy fish; so you see they must have felt, when they gave the ropes a good pull, that, some-how, they were ring-ing their own din-ner-bell. At first the pus-sies found it ver-y hard to catch hold of the bell-rope; but when their mas-ter put soft bunch-es of wool up-on the cord, so that the pus-sies could fast-en their sharp lit-tle claws in-to it, they took hold with a good will.

"Ding-dong! Thank you, Mas-ter," they seemed to say. "This is some-thing like!"

Some-times the pus-sies would not a-gree ver-y well. Tib would get tired of her short rope, and try to get hold of Jet's. Then Blanche and Tom would join in the fight; the ropes would get twisted; all the bells would ring out of tune, and Mop would "me-ouw" with all her might. But the dread-ful noise would soon bring them to their senses; and the mo-ment they were good, the sweet mu-sic would come a-gain and make them hap-py.

When the pus-sies were not do-ing their fun-ny tricks, they would walk a-bout just like any oth-er cats, or lie down on the rug and doze. Some-times, in their sleep, they would wave their tails slow-ly, and then their mas-ter would say:

"Bless 'em! They are dream-ing of the bells."

If he called to them, they would spring to his side and rub their cool noses a-against his hand, or, jump-ing up-on his knee, they would look up in-to his face, as if to say:

"Good mas-ter! you look tired. Poor dear! you are on-ly a man. But you may de-pend up-on our help. We know ver-y well that if it were not for us cats there would be no bells rung in the world."

The mas-ter would smile at this, and stroke them fond-ly; then the fire-light would play a-bout their forms as, one by one, they would set-tle soft-ly up-on the rug for an-oth-er nap.

MY UNCLE JEHOSHAPHAT.



My Uncle Jehoshaphat had a pig,
A pig of high degree;
And it always wore a brown scratch wig,
Most beautiful for to see.

My Uncle Jehoshaphat loved that pig,
And the piggy-wig he loved him;
And they both jumped into the lake one day,
To see which best could swim.

My Uncle Jehoshaphat he swam up,
And the piggy-wig he swam down ;
And so they both did win the prize,
Which the same was a velvet gown.

My Uncle Jehoshaphat wore one half,
And the piggy-wig wore the other ;
And they both rode to town on the brindled calf,
To carry it home to its mother.



"SHE PUTS IT IN ITS LITTLE BED."

THE CRY-BABY.

FRED is a lit-tle boy, but a great cry-ba-by. He cries in the morn-ing, he cries at noon, he cries at night. He cries when he is washed, when he is dressed, and when his hair is combed. He cries when he goes to school, and when he goes to bed. He cries be-cause his milk is hot, and be-cause his toast is cold; be-cause his jack-et is too old, and be-cause his boots are too new. It is queer how much Fred finds to cry a-bout.

One day he went to see his Aunt Ma-ry. She gave him a nice thick piece of gin-ger-bread. She thought that would make him smile. Oh, no! it made him cry. He just o-pened his mouth to take a bite, and then burst out with a loud "boo-hoo!"

"Why, what is the mat-ter?" said Aunt Ma-ry.

"This gin-ger-bread is too high up!" cried Fred.

"There, there! What a sil-ly boy!" said Aunt Ma-ry. "Hark! I hear mu-sic! The sol-diers are com-ing! Let us look out and see them go by!" said the kind aunt-y.

She put Fred up in a chair at the win-dow, and he saw the sol-diers march by, and heard the mu-sic; and all the time he munched a-way at the gin-ger-bread that was "too high up." By the time the last sol-dier had passed, the gin-ger-bread was all gone.

"Now Fred is a good lit-tle boy," said Aunt Ma-ry. But all at once he be-gan to cry a-gain. "Oh, dear! What is it now?" said Aunt-y. "What are you cry ing a-bout this time?"

"Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!" roared Fred. "I can't 'mem-ber what I cried a-bout be-fore the mu-sic came! Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"

Aunt Ma-ry put on Fred's cap and took him home, and called the fam-i-ly to-geth-er.

"What are you go-ing to do with this boy?" she said. "He cries all the time!"

"Let us all laugh at him ev-er-y time he cries!" said Mam-ma.

"That will make too much noise," said Pa-pa. "I think I'll get him the place of town-cri-er, and let him earn his liv-ing by cry-ing."

"He can be a news-boy, and cry news-pa-pers!" said lit-tle Mol-ly.

"We might make a great dunce-cap, with CRY-BA-BY print-ed on it in big let-ters, and make him wear it all the time he cries," said Sis-ter Sue. "That would make him a-shamed."

"What do you say, Char-ley?" said Aunt Ma-ry.

“Set him up in the Park for a drink-ing fount-ain, and let streams of wa-ter come out of his eyes all the time!” said Char-ley.

“Well,” said Aunt-y, “I hard-ly know which is the best plan; but some-thing must be done, or Fred will nev-er grow to be a man!”

BER-THA AND THE BIRDS.

LIT-TLE Ber-tha stood at the win-dow, one morn-ing in win-ter, when there came a flock of snow-birds and lit on the tree and bush-es in the yard.

“Oh, you poor lit-tle bird-ies! You have no one to give you any-thing to eat. I’ll get you some nice crumbs”

So she ran to mam-ma, who gave her bread-crumbs and let her throw them out-doors. She was much pleased to see the birds eat, but soon saw some-thing that made her feel ver-y bad-ly.

“Oh, how cold your poor lit-tle feet must be! I’ll give you my dol-lies’ shoes and stock-ings—so I will!”

And a-way she went to find them.

But when she came back the bird-ies were all gone.

Mam-ma told her that the Good Fath-er had so made their lit-tle feet, that they were in no need

of such things to keep them warm. And then good lit-tle Ber-tha was quite hap-py a-gain.





“See how the little gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill,
Come to the murmuring waters’ edge
And freely drink their fill.
And dash about, and splash about,
The merry little things!
And look askance with bright black eyes,
And flirt their dripping wings.”

THE FLOCK OF DOVES.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

THE world was like a wilderness
Of soft and downy snow;
The trees were plumed with feathery flakes,
And the ground was white below.

Came the little mother out to the gate
To watch for her children three;
Her hood was red as a poppy-flower,
And rosy and young was she.

And then she hid by the pine-tree tall,
For the children's tones rang sweet,
As home from school, through the drifts so light,
They sped with merry feet.

"Oh, Nannie, Nannie! See the fence
Alive with doves so white!"
"Oh, hush! don't frighten them away!"
They whisper with delight.



THE SNOW DOVES.

She took the snow in her cunning hands,
As waiting she stood alone,
And lo! in a moment, beneath her touch,
A fair white dove had grown.

A flock she wrought, and on the fence
Set them in bright array,
With folded wings, or pinions spread
Ready to fly away.

They crept so soft, they crept so still,
The wondrous sight to see!
The little mother pushed the gate,
And laughed out joyfully.

She clasped them close, she kissed their cheeks,
And lips so sweet and red.
"The birds are only made of snow!"
"You are my doves," she said.

TONY'S LETTER.

PETER was a funny little boy, who had a dog named Tony. This dog was all covered with long shaggy hair, which hung down over his eyes and his mouth, and made him look very wise. But Tony was not as wise as he looked, and he did not know as much as little Peter thought he knew.

Peter was only three years old. He did not know all the alphabet, but he knew what letters spelled his own name.

Peter was very fond of what he called "writing letters." He would scribble all over a piece of paper, and then fold it up and get his sister Emily to write on it the name of one of the family, or else of one of the neighbors. Then Peter would carry it to that person; and he very often got a written answer, which Emily would read to him. Sometimes these answers had candy in them, which pleased Peter very much.

One day, Peter wrote a long letter to his dog Tony. When he gave it to him, Tony took it in his mouth and carried it to the rug in front of the fire in the sitting-room. There he laid it down, and put his nose to it. Then he laid himself down, with his head on the letter, and shut his eyes. He was sleepy, and he found that the letter was not good to eat.

Peter was very glad to see Tony do this, for he thought he had read the letter and was thinking what he should say when he answered it.

So little Peter said, "Tony shall write me an answer to my letter," and he ran into his grandma's room, to ask for a pencil. She was not there, but on the table there was some paper, and an inkstand with a quill pen in it. His grandma always used a quill pen.

So Peter took a big sheet of paper and the inkstand with the pen in it. Then he saw his grandma's spectacles on the table, and he thought he would take these too, as Tony might write better if he had spectacles on.

Peter waked Tony, who was fast asleep by this time, and made him hold his head up. Peter put the spectacles on Tony, and laid the paper before him. Then he set the inkstand down, close to his right paw.

"Now, Tony," said Peter, "you must write me a letter."

Tony looked at the little boy, but he did not take the pen.

"There, Tony!" said Peter. "There's the ink and the pen. Don't you see them?" And he pushed the inkstand against Tony's paw.

The dog gave the inkstand a tap with his paw, and over it went!

"Oh!" cried Peter. "You naughty dog! Upsetting grandma's inkstand!" And he picked up the inkstand as quickly as he could. Some of the ink had run out on the paper, but none of it had gone on the carpet.

Peter took off Tony's spectacles, and drove him away; and then, with

what he called the "tail" of the quill pen (by which he meant the feather end), he spread the ink about on the paper.

Then he took the paper up by a corner, and carried it to his mother.



TONY.

"Mamma!" said he, "See the letter Tony wrote to me. He upset the inkstand, but none of the letter runned off on the carpet!"

Tony never wrote another letter, and that was the last time that little Peter meddled with his grandma's pen and ink.



THE cat and dog resolved to be good,
 Truly kind and forgiving.
 "What's the use," they sweetly said,
 "Of such unpleasant living?"

So Pussy took her dear Tray's arm,
 And out they sallied over the farm;
 And all who saw them laughed with glee,
 And, wondering, said, "Can such things be?"

JOHN BOTTLEJOHN.

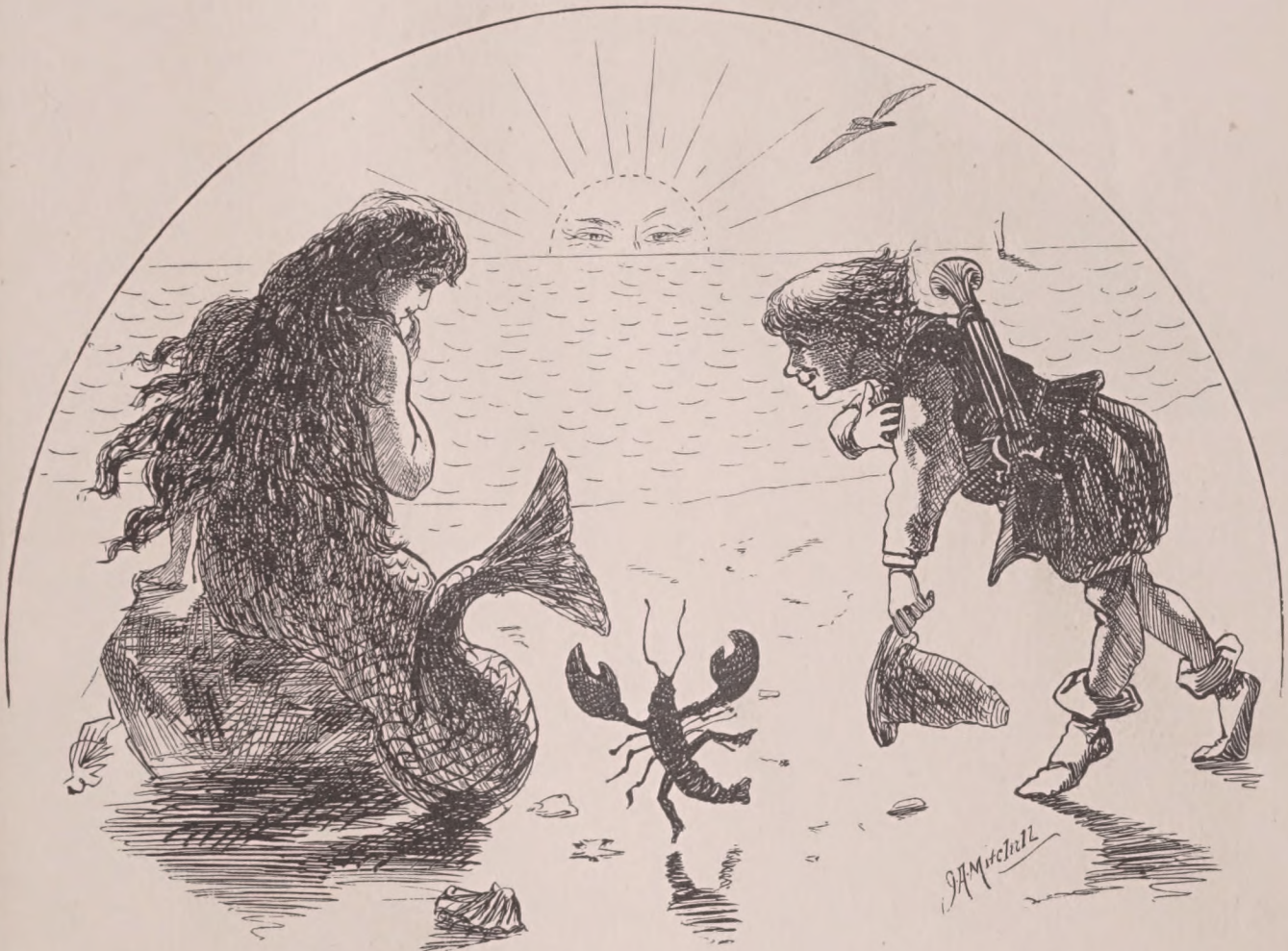
BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

LITTLE John Bottlejohn lived on the hill,
 And a blithe little man was he;
 And he won the heart of a little mermaid
 Who lived in the deep blue sea.
 And every evening she used to sit
 And sing on the rocks by the sea:
 "Oh, little John Bottlejohn! pretty John Bottlejohn!
 Wont you come out to me?"

Little John Bottlejohn heard her song,
 And he opened his little door;
 And he hopped and he skipped, and he skipped and he hopped
 Until he came down to the shore.

And there on a rock sat the little mermaid,
 And still she was singing so free—
 “Oh, little John Bottlejohn! pretty John Bottlejohn!
 Wont you come out to me?”

Little John Bottlejohn made a bow,
 And the mermaid she made one, too,
 And she said: “Oh! I never saw anything half
 So perfectly sweet as you.



In my beautiful home, 'neath the ocean foam,
 How happy we both should be!
 Oh, little John Bottlejohn! pretty John Bottlejohn!
 Wont you come down with me?”

Little John Bottlejohn said: “Oh, yes,
 I'll willingly go with you;
 And I never will quail at the sight of your tail,
 For perhaps I may grow one too.”
 So he took her hand, and he left the land,
 And he plunged in the foaming main;
 And little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
 Never was seen again.

GRANDMA'S NAP.

By M. M. D.

ONE day, Grand-ma went to sleep in her chair, and it near-ly turned the town up-side down. It was only a lit-tle bit of a nap, but oh! how much trou-ble it made!

You see, be-sides the nap, there was a lit-tle boy in the house. This

lit-tle boy's name was Rob, and Rob was so hard to watch that when his Mam-ma went out she used to say:

"Grand-ma, *do* you think you can watch Rob while I go to mar-ket?"

Then Grand-ma would give a lit-tle jump and say:

"O! of course I can."

So this day Mam-ma went to mar-ket, and Grand-ma watched Rob as hard as she could till the NAP came!



As soon as Rob saw the nap, he knew he was free; and off he ran. In a mo-ment Grand-ma woke up and saw the emp-ty room.

"Sake's a-live!" she cried, as she ran out in-to the hall. "Where is that child?"

He was not in the hall, nor in the yard, nor any-where a-bout the house. Oh! oh! oh! where could he be!

The poor old la-dy was sure she nev-er would see the dear boy a-gain. In her fright she looked in the beds, un-der the beds, in the pan-try, in the coal-scut-tle, in the ice-pitch-er, and even in the crack-er-box. Then she ran out to a po-lice-man, and told him all a-bout it.



"Mad-am," said the po-lice-man, "it is not like-ly he can be found. I think he is gone for good; but we'll send a cri-er all over the town."

So the cri-er went all over the town with a big bell, scream-ing:



"Hear! hear! Boy lost, named Rob,—black eyes, pug nose. Boy lost! boy lost!" (Ding, dong.) "Boy lost, three years old!" (Ding, dong.)



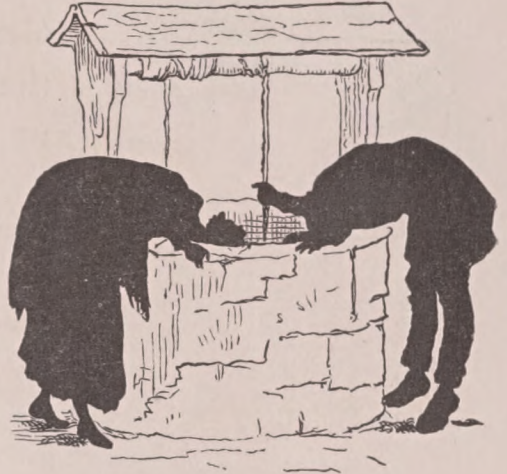
The cri-er made such a noise that if Rob had screamed out "Here I am!" right un-der his nose, he would not have heard it; or if all the men on the street had called, "Stop that bell—here's Rob, safe and sound," it would have been just the same. He would have gone on ring-ing the bell and scream-ing at the top of his voice, "Boy lost! boy lost!"

But Rob was not un-der the boy's nose at all. Where was he?

Poor Grand-ma was al-most cra-zy by this time. She ran in-to the yard with a kind man and looked down the well.

"Rob-by! Rob-by, my dar-ling! are you there? Come to Grand-ma, my pet. Oh! oh!"

Then she ran back in-to the street, and there he was with an or-gan man!



Grand-ma was sure it was Rob, from the way he hopped a-bout. But no. When she put on her glass-es it was not Rob at all—only a mon-key.



By this time near-ly the whole town knew that Rob was lost. Such a time you nev-er heard. All the grand-mas cried and said it was very wrong to take a nap when you were watch-ing a child like that; and all the lit-tle boys thought how nice it would be to live with Rob's grand-ma. The pa-pas went

to the sta-tion-house to in-quire; the mam-mas ran to mar-ket to tell Rob's mam-ma; and the news-boys ran all o-ver town with "ex-tras," cry-ing, "Boy lost! boy lost!"

When Rob's mam-ma heard the bad news, she ran home as fast as she could go.

"Rob-by! Rob-by!" she called, up and down the house. "Rob-by! Rob-by!" But no one an-swered. Then she turned pale, and Grand-ma said, "Don't faint; that's a good child," when all at once the poor



Mam-ma clasped her hands and said: "He must be killed! If he were a-live he would hear me. I know he must be dead, or else—or else—he is eat-ing jam!"



She flew to the cel-lar where all the good things were kept. Grand-ma hob-bled after her, quite tired out; then fol-lowed the po-lice-man, the cri-er, and the cook; and there, down in the cel-lar, just as hap-py as he could be, sat Rob—eat-ing jam.

He was so hap-py that he did not know that his Grand-ma was a-wake; and Grand-ma was so glad that she went up-stairs and took the nicest lit-tle nap she ev-er had in all her life.

FREDDY.

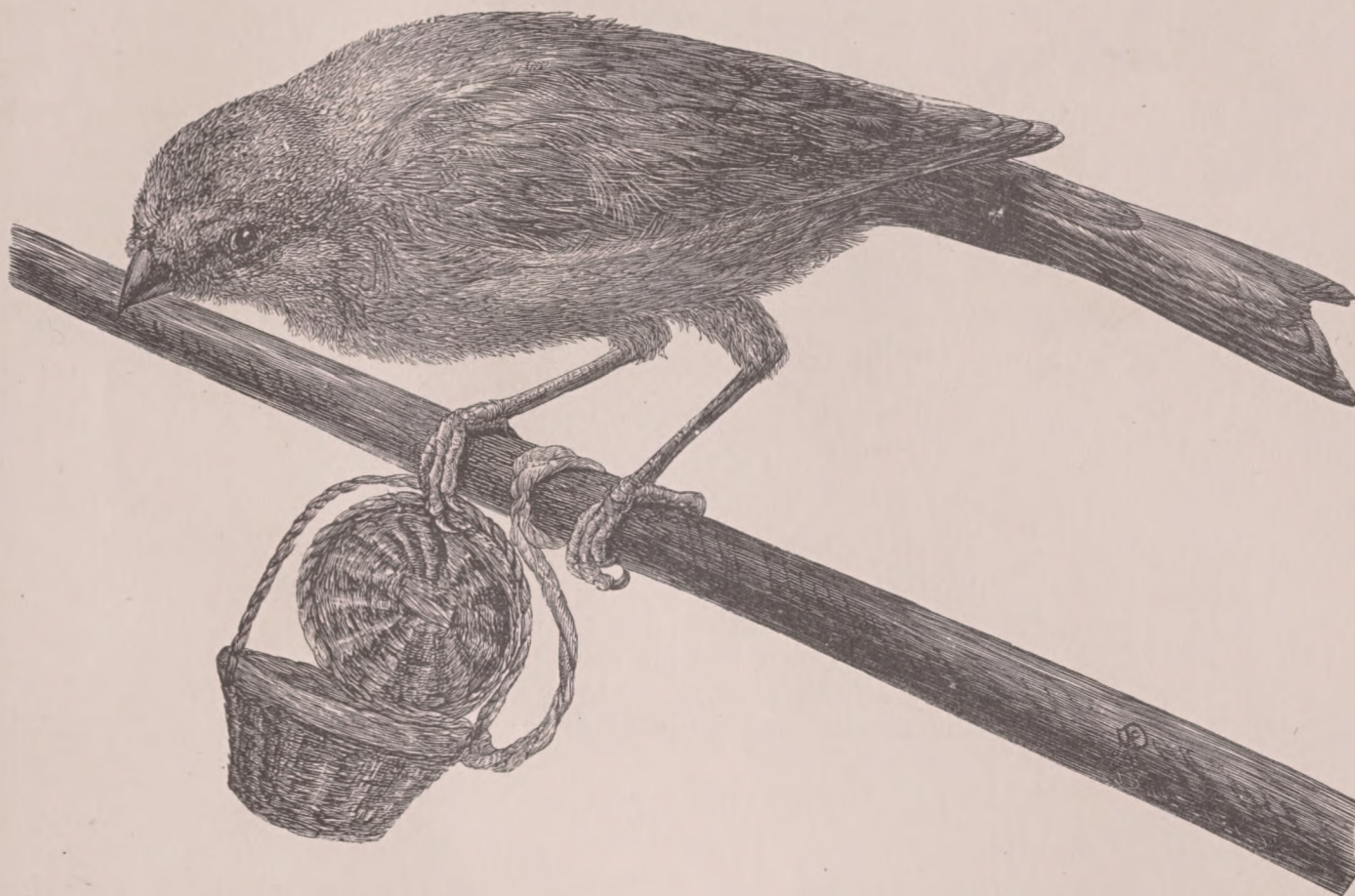
BY ANNIE E. McDONALD.

FRED-DY is our pet, and one of the bright-est lit-tle ca-na-ries ev-er seen. He came from Bel-gi-um. His bod-y is of a deep yel-low col-or, and his head and wings are pret-ti-ly marked with grey and black. When giv-en to us he was quite a young bird, and scarce-ly knew how to do any-thing; but he soon be-gan to learn ma-ny lit-tle tricks.

The pict-ure shows him just pull-ing up his bas-ket. When we put food in-to it, we shut the cov-er down, and hang it by a string to his perch; and he al-ways pulls it up at once, lifts the cov-er and helps him-self. Oft-en, when his bas-ket is emp-ty, he a-mus-es him-self by try-ing to pick it to pie-ces.

Fred-dy did not e-ven know how to bathe when we first had him, and we were told to put him in-to the wa-ter once or twice a week, so that he could learn; but the poor lit-tle bird cried so pit-i-ful-ly, that af-ter one or two tri-als we gave it up. He has since found out for him-self how to jump in-to his lit-tle bath-tub and splash a-bout; and he en-joys it ver-y much, es-pe-cial-ly when he can dry him-self in the sun. Then is the time to hear him sing! His voice is so sweet, his eyes are so bright, and his lit-tle heart is so full of joy, that he makes ev-er-y one hap-py who hears

him. Then he has such a fun-ny, brisk way of hop-ping a-bout and crack-ing his seed, and he sharp-ens his bill on the cut-tle-fish bone as though he had twen-ty pairs of bills to sharp-en in-stead of one.



But his song is not his on-ly mu-sic. Fred-dy has al-so a lit-tle bell, which he rings to ac-com-pa-ny the Grace Church chimes; for this lit-tle bird

“ — dwells
With-in sight of its walls,
With-in sound of its bells.”

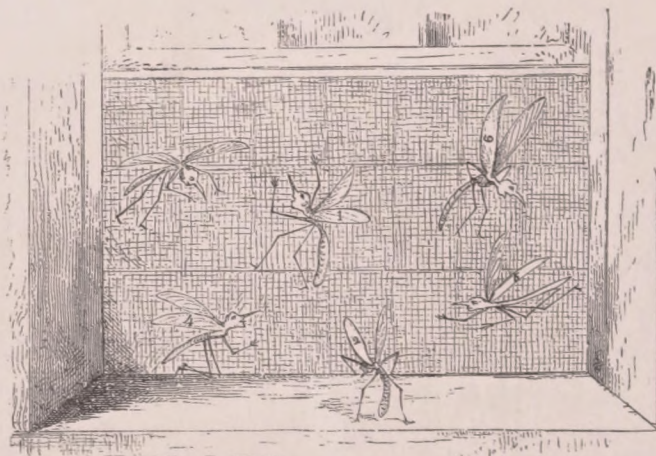
VER-Y use-ful and ver-y slim;
Ver-y tidy and ver-y trim.
Once a week they make a dis-play;
Aft-er that they are hid-den a-way.
Two long legs and a ver-y small head;
If you can guess it, e-nough has been said.

THE CHEATED MOSQUITOES.

BY CLARA DOTY BATES.



LITTLE GOLD LOCKS has gone to bed,
 Kisses are given and prayers are said.
 Mamma says, as she turns out the light,
 "Mosquitoes wont bite my child to-night.
 They will try to come in, but wont know how,
 For the nets are in the windows now."



First Mosquito. That is the window where we go in!

Second Mosquito. Is little girl Gold Locks fat or thin?

Third Mosquito. O, plump as the plumpest dairy mouse!

Fourth Mosquito. And the sweetest morsel in the house.

Fifth Mosquito. Hurry, I pray, and lead the way!

Sixth Mosquito. I have n't had a bite to-day!

First Mosquito. What have I flown against now, I wonder?

Second Mosquito. There's something across here, let's crawl under!

Third Mosquito. These bars are as large as my body is!

Fourth Mosquito. I've broken the point of my bill on this!

Fifth Mosquito. I'm slim, perhaps I can crawl through!

Sixth Mosquito. Oh! what shall I do? Oh! what shall I do?

Chorus. Oh! what shall we do? Oh! what shall we do?



A LITTLE girl,
Quite well and hearty,
Thought she'd like
To give a party.

But as her friends
Were shy and wary,
Nobody came
But her own canary.

BIRDIE'S SECRET.

BY E. M. TAPPAN.

I KNOW something, but I sha' n't tell,
'Cause the mother-bird whispered it just to me,
What she'd hidden away in the top of the tree.

I know something, but I sha' n't tell,—
Of something nice and soft and warm,
To shelter the darlings from cold and storm.

I know something, but I sha' n't tell;
And by and by when the birdies are old,—
O dear me! I've gone and told!

LITTLE GOO-GOO.

BY SCOTT CAMPBELL.

WE have in our house a brave little chap,
Who loves to be in his dear mamma's lap;
He is laughing and singing the whole day long,
And "Goo-goo-goo!" is all of his song.

In his nice little cradle-bed he lies,
Staring about with great, bright eyes;
"Baby, dear! what are you singing about?"
But "Goo-goo-goo!" is all I make out.

He shakes his fists and kicks his feet,
Because he is waiting for something to eat;
And then speaks up, very loud and strong,
And his "Goo-goo" means "I can't wait long."

I catch up the darling and throw him high,
And he reaches his hands to touch the sky;
But all that he says, to show his delight,
Is "Goo-goo-goo!" with his baby might.

"Dear little pitkin! what is your name?"
But all the answer I get is the same.
"Oh! what a name for a boy like you!"
And he giggles and shouts his sweet "Goo-goo!"

He crows "Goo-goo!" before it is light,
And sings "Goo-goo!" in the dead of the night;
It is "Goo-goo-goo!" the whole day long,
And I think "Goo-goo!" is a beautiful song.

The little birdies say, "Cheep! cheep!"
"Ba! Ba! Ba!" says the baby-sheep;
But the sweetest song, I think—don't you?—
Is our little darling's "Goo-goo-goo!"

Oh! how precious is little Goo-goo!
And, oh! how we love him, little Goo-goo!
I pray that angels will guard him—don't you?
And Father in Heaven bless little Goo-goo!



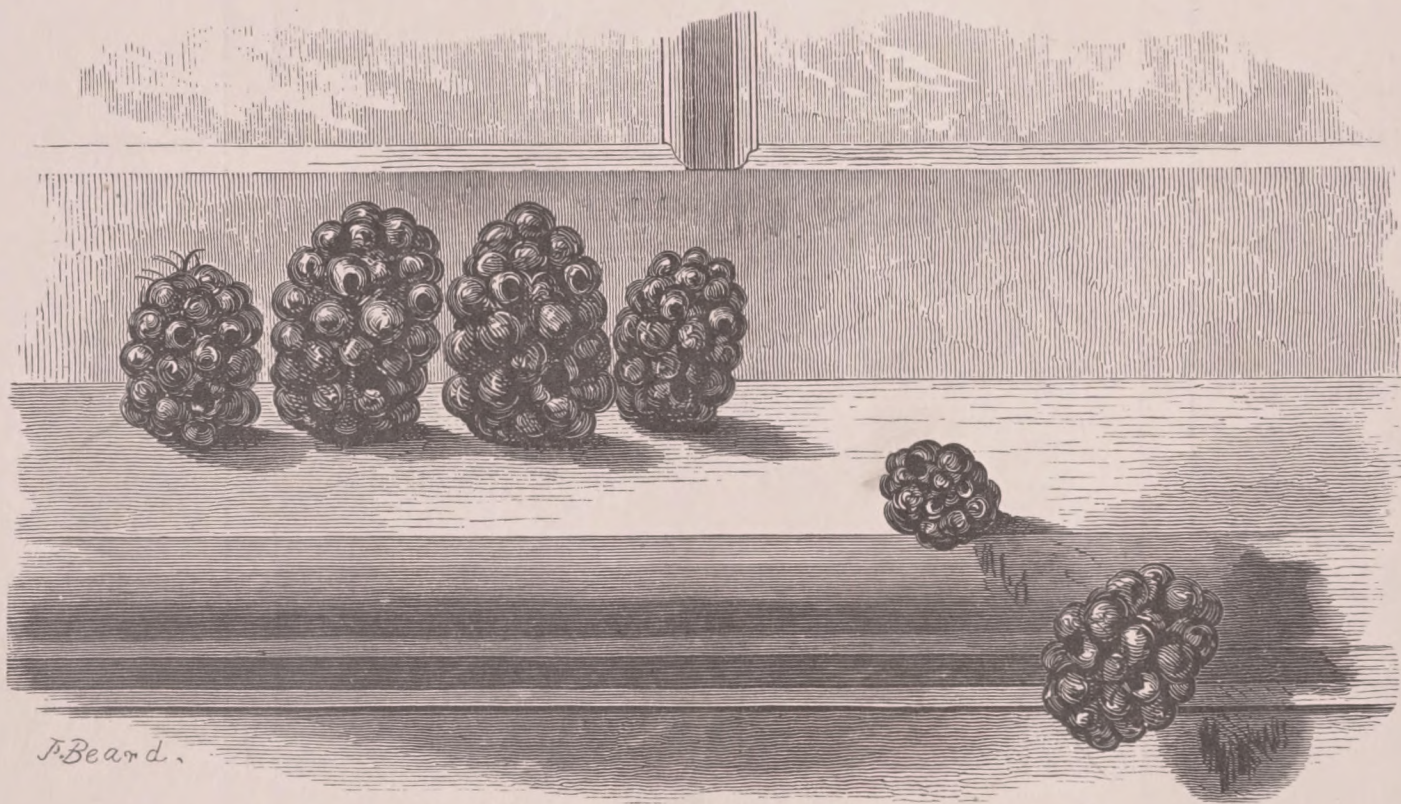
LITTLE GOO-GOO.

LITTLE Peri-Winkle,
With her eyes a-twinkle,
Said, "I am going to the ball to-night."
But nobody could wake her,
Hard as they might shake her,
For she went to sleep with her eyes shut tight,
And never waked up till the sun shone bright.

A SHORT-LIVED FAMILY.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

I HEARD little Gerty talking very earnestly over by the window-seat, and I looked around from my sewing just in time to see six as handsome blackberries as ever grew, standing in a group in the window. Gerty had grouped them. The two biggest and blackest were Mr. and Mrs.



AUNT MARIA FALLS ON THE FLOOR.

Jetty, and one that did not stand straight was Aunt Maria Jetty. Then there were Bob and Tom, and the smallest blackberry, which kept rolling over, was the Baby. Gerty did the talking for all of them. Tom seemed to be a naughty boy.

"I shall have to punish that boy!" said Mr. Jetty, sternly. "He never learns his lessons!"

"O, well!" said Mrs. Jetty, "perhaps the lessons were too hard. Tom, what on earth are you doing now? Pinching the Baby! Mr. Jetty, if you don't whip that boy, I will!"

Here Aunt Maria fell on the floor, and was found to have fainted.

Great was the outcry among the Jettys, large and small, until she was lifted up and set on her feet again.

"Never—mind—me!" she said, faintly. "Look at—the Baby!"

Sure enough, the Baby had rolled over and over till it was on the very edge of the sill. It was snatched up, and handed to Bob to hold. Bob seemed to be a good boy; he sang "Rockaby, Baby!" all through, while Tom had his ears boxed for tittering.

Then Mr. Jetty said that the family ought to take a walk. They were all formed in a procession, the smallest being last. I watched them as they started off along the window-seat, the first one taking a step, then the next one, and so on. Then I bent my eyes upon my sewing again, but still I heard the play go on.

Presently, in at the sitting-room door came little Susy Blake, a neighbor's child, to play an hour with Gerty. So Gerty told her all about the six blackberries, and what their names were, and what they were doing.

"O, that's real fun," said Susy; "I can play that too!"

So, then, both little girls went on with the sport, and made the Jetty family say and do all sorts of funny things. Aunt Maria kept fainting away, and the children made a good deal of trouble, so there was a constant excitement. Right in the midst of it, Gerty's mamma called from upstairs:

"Gerty, Gerty, come up here quick, and try on your dress!"

"I'll be right back in a minute, Susy," said Gerty as she left the room. "You keep on playing till I come back."

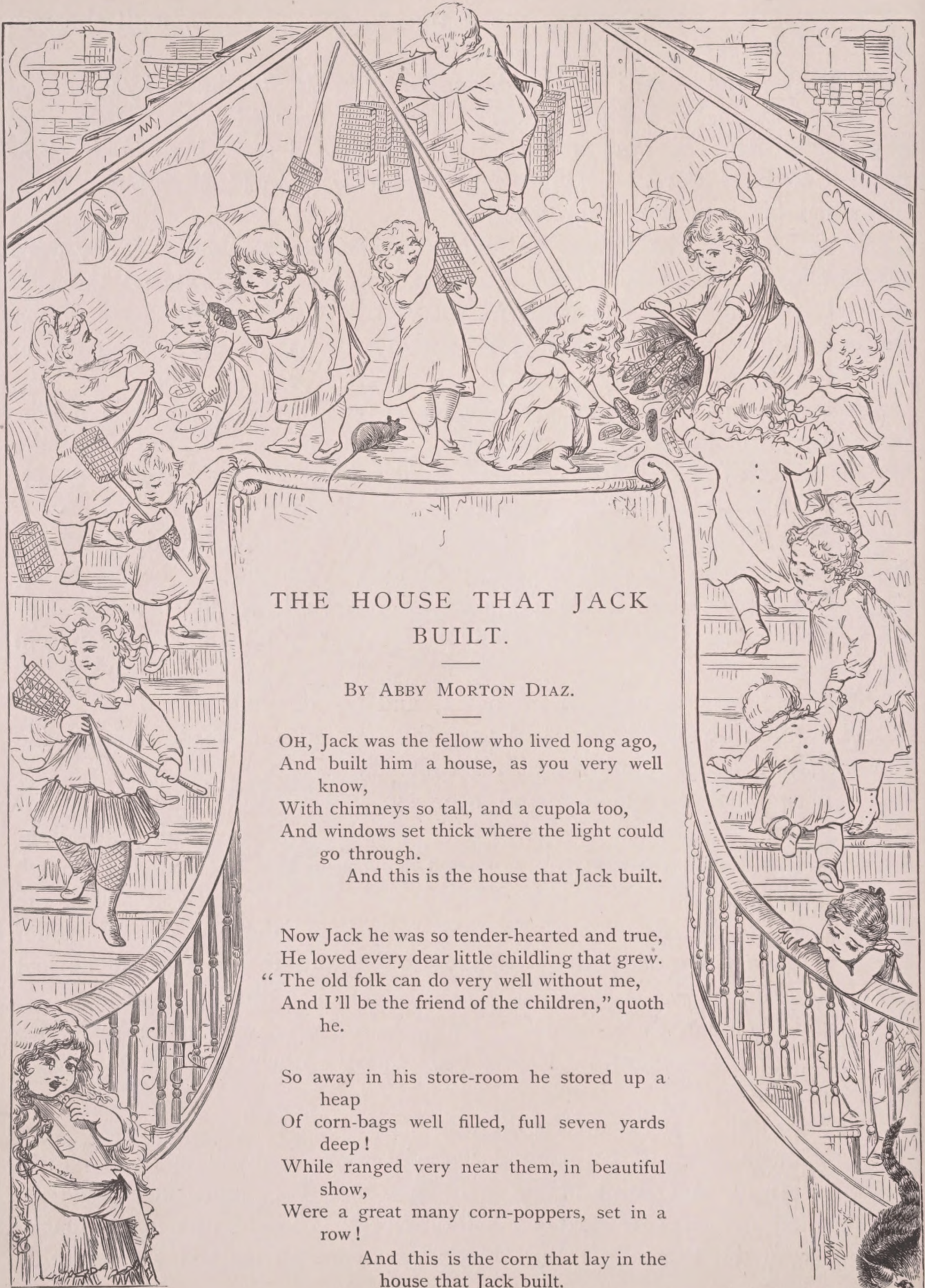
So Susy kept on playing, and now she had to do all the talking for the Jetty family herself. They seemed to be having a great dispute about something, but one by one the voices of the younger ones were silenced. Something was said about their being put to bed. Finally, it struck me that I had not heard Aunt Maria make any complaint for a good while. Mr. and Mrs. Jetty seemed to be having it all to themselves, till at last Mr. Jetty stopped, as if tired out, and his wife had the last word.

"I did n't mean to be gone so long," said Gerty, who came back into the room at this moment. "I can't bear to try on dresses. Why—why—why, Susy Blake!"

And then she ran to me, crying.

"O, Cousin Mary!" she sobbed, "she's eaten them all up! Mr. Jetty and Mrs. Jetty, and Aunt Maria, and Bob, and Tom, and the Baby!"

I turned my eyes toward the window-seat. There was not a blackberry left to tell the tale. But Susy's lips were all stained with purple!



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

OH, Jack was the fellow who lived long ago,
And built him a house, as you very well
know,
With chimneys so tall, and a cupola too,
And windows set thick where the light could
go through.

And this is the house that Jack built.

Now Jack he was so tender-hearted and true,
He loved every dear little childling that grew.
"The old folk can do very well without me,
And I'll be the friend of the children," quoth
he.

So away in his store-room he stored up a
heap
Of corn-bags well filled, full seven yards
deep!
While ranged very near them, in beautiful
show,
Were a great many corn-poppers, set in a
row!

And this is the corn that lay in the
house that Jack built.

And a blazing red fire was ever kept glowing,
By a great pair of bellows that ever kept blowing;
And there stood the children, the dear little souls,
A-shaking their corn-poppers over the coals.

Soon a motherly rat, seeking food for her young,
Came prying and peeping the corn-bags among.
"I'll take home a supply," said this kindest of mothers;
"My children like corn quite as well as those others."

And this is the rat, &c.

Just as Puss shuts her eyelids, oh! what does she hear?
"Bow-wow!" and "Bow-wow!" very close at her ear.

Now away up a pole all trembling she springs,
And there, on its top, all trembling she clings.
And this is the dog, &c.

Said Bose to himself, "What a great dog am I!
When my voice is heard, who dares to come nigh?"

Now I'll worry that cow. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, if she
Should run up a pole, how funny 't would be!"



"A-SHAKING THEIR CORN-POPPERS OVER THE COALS."

Run quick, Mother Rat! Oh, if you but knew
How slyly old Tabby is watching for you!
She's creeping so softly—pray, pray do not wait!
She springs!—she has grabbed you!—ah, now
't is too late!

And this is the cat, &c.

Too late, yes too late! All your struggles are
vain;
You never will see those dear children again!
All sadly they sit in their desolate home,
Looking out for the mother that never will come.

When Pussy had finished, she said, with a smile,
"I think I will walk in the garden awhile,
And there take a nap in some sunshiny spot."
Bose laughed to himself as he said, "I think not!"

Poor Bose! you will wish that you'd never been
born

When you bark at that cow with the crumpled
horn.

'Way you go, with a toss, high up in the air!
Do you like it, old Bose? Is it pleasant up there?
And this is the cow, &c.

Now when this old Molly, so famous in story,
Left Bose on the ground, all bereft of his glory,
She walked to the valley as fast as she could,
Where a dear little maid with a milking-pail
stood.

And this is the maiden, &c.

Alas! a maiden all forlorn was she,
Woful and sad, and piteous to see!

With weary step she walked, and many a sigh;
Her cheek was pale, a tear bedimmed her eye.
She sat her down, with melancholy air,



THE CAT THAT CAUGHT THE RAT.

Among the flowers that bloomed so sweetly
there;
And thus, with clasped hands, she made her
moan.
“Ah me!” she said. “Ah me! I’m all alone!
In all the world are none who care for me;
In all the world are none I care to see.
No one to me a kindly message brings;



THE COW WITH THE CRUMPLED HORN.

Nobody gives me any pretty things.
Nobody asks me am I sick, or well.
Nobody listens when I’ve aught to tell.

Kind words of love I’ve never, never known.
Ah me!” she said, “’t is sad to be alone!”
Now up jumps the man all tattered and torn,
And he says to the maiden, “Don’t sit there,
forlorn.
Behind this wild rose-bush I’ve heard all you
said,
And I’ll love and protect you, you dear little
maid!
For oft have I hid there, so bashful and shy,
And peeped through the roses to see you go
by;
I know every look of those features so fair,
I know every curl of your bright golden hair.
My garments are in bad condition, no doubt;
But the love that I give you shall never wear
out.
Now I’ll be the husband if you’ll be the wife,
And together we’ll live without trouble or strife.”
And this is the man, &c.



THE DOG THAT WAS TOSSED.

Thought the maid to herself, “Oh, what beautiful words!
Sweeter than music or singing of birds!
How pleasant ’t will be thus to live all my life
With this kind little man, without trouble or
strife!
If his clothes are all tattered and torn, why ’t is
plain
What he needs is a wife that can mend them
again.
And he brought them to such sorry plight, it
may be,
’Mong the thorns of the roses, while watching
for me!”

And when this wise maiden looked up in his
face,
She saw there a look full of sweetness and grace.
’T was a truth-telling face. “Yes, I’ll trust you,”
said she.



THE MAIDEN ALL FORLORN.

"Ah, a kiss I must take, if you trust me!" quoth he;

"And since we're so happily both of a mind,
We'll set off together the priest for to find."

Now hand in hand along they pass,
Tripping it lightly over the grass,
By pleasant ways, through fields of flowers,
By shady lanes, through greenwood bowers.
The bright little leaves they dance in the breeze,
And the birds sing merrily up in the trees!
The maiden smiles as they onward go—
Forgotten now her longing and woe;
And the good little man he does care for her
so!

He cheers the way with his pleasant talk,
Finds the softest paths where her feet may walk,
Stays her to rest in the sheltered nook,
Guides her carefully over the brook,
Lifts her tenderly over the stile,
Speaking so cheerily all the while;

And plucks the prettiest wild flowers there,
To deck the curls of her golden hair.
Says the joyful maid, "Not a flower that grows
Is so fair for me as the sweet *wild rose*!"

Thus journeying on, by greenwood and dell,
They came, at last, where the priest did dwell,—
A jolly fat priest, as I have heard tell:
A jolly fat priest, all shaven and shorn,
With a long black cassock so jauntily worn.
And this is the priest, &c.

"Good morrow, Sir Priest! will you marry us
two?"

"That I will," said the priest, "if ye're both lov-
ers true!
But when, little man, shall your wedding-day
be?"

"To-morrow, good priest, if you can agree,
At the sweet hour of sunrise, when the new
day
Is rosy and fresh in its morning array,



THE MAN ALL TATTERED AND TORN.

When flowers are awaking, and birds full of glee,
At the top of the morning our wedding shall be !
And since friends we have none, for this wedding
of ours
No guests shall there be, save the birds and the
flowers ;

Next morning, while sleeping his sweetest sleep,
The priest was aroused from his slumbers deep
By the clarion voice of chanticleer,
Sudden and shrill, from the apple-tree near.
“ Wake up ! wake up ! ” it seemed to say ;
“ Wake up ! wake up ! there ’s a wedding to-day ! ”



“ GOOD-MORROW, SIR PRIEST ! WILL YOU MARRY US TWO ? ”

And we ’ll stand out among them, in sight of
them all,
Where the pink and white blooms of the apple-
tree fall.”

“ Od zooks ! ” cried the priest, “ what a wedding
we ’ll see
To-morrow, at sun-rising, under the tree ! ”

And this was the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that
caught the rat, that ate the corn that lay in
the house that Jack built.

GOING TO THE SEA-SHORE.

By E. F. N.

O LITTLE pebbles down by the sea !
 I wonder if you are waiting for me ?
 Shining and dancing in the warm light,
 Washed by the waves, and looking so bright.

Dear little pebbles, white as the snow,
 I'll tell you something perhaps you don't know :
 The summer is coming, and so are we,
 For papa says we may go to the sea.

Then, pretty pebbles, our little bare feet
 Will kiss you again and again, you're so sweet ;
 I know you wont scratch us, you're smooth and round,
 Without any "prickers," like those on the ground.

And I'll tell you another thing, pebbles so kind :
 I will bring—unless nurse should leave them behind—
 A pail and a shovel ; and what I will do
 Is to dig a big hole for a well—would n't you ?

And then when the waves come scampering up,
 'T will be filled to the top like my own silver cup ;
 And we will run down and splash it about,
 Till another big wave, with a laugh and a shout,

Chases us up till we're out of its reach—
 All of us safe, high and dry on the beach.
 Yes, the waves are great fun, but I really must say
 I'd rather have pebbles when I want to play.

O summer, *do* hurry ! O spring, go away !
 Little flowers, please blossom ! Dear birds, sing your lay !
 And the sooner you do it, the better for me,
 For the pebbles are waiting, I know, by the sea.



WHICH IS CAUGHT?

WHICH is caught? Mousie or Pussie? Ha! ha! Not Mousie; for Puss cannot move without setting him free. It is good to know that the little fellow is more frightened than hurt; for cats' rocking-chairs are very light. How vexed Pussie is! She wishes she had never tried to sit in a rocking-chair and be like a grand lady. She cannot sit still much longer; keep up your courage, Mousie, there's a chance for you yet!

OLD SIMON.

OLD Simon and his boys were glad
To take the plainest fare:
They brightened everything they had,
With gratitude and prayer.

"Give thanks," said Simon, "when ye rise,
Give thanks when day is done."
And none than Simon were more wise,
Or happy, under the sun.



HAPPY DAY!



TELL me, Daisy, ere I go,
Whether my love is true or no.
One leaf off: He loves me. What?
One more leaf, and he loves me not.

Three leaves: Will he? Four leaves: So,
He never will love me—oh no, no!
I don't care what a daisy says;
I'm *sure* to get married one of these days!

BUSY SATURDAY.

BY FANNY PERCIVAL.

WHAT a busy day for little May
Every Saturday is!
There's so much to do, enough for two,
And how she ever can get through
Is one of the mysteries.

You'd think she'd desire some help to hire,
But times are hard, you know,
And she hardly knows how to get the clothes
For her two dollies, Lou and Rose—
Her bank funds are so low.

The washing comes first, and that's the worst—
The clothes for Rose and Lou;
She puts them in tubs, and hard she rubs,
And with her little fist she scrubs
Till she thinks that they will do.

Then she ties a line of stoutest twine
From the door-knob to a chair;
Then quickly wrings the tiny things,
And in a little basket brings,
And hangs them up with care.

Now while they dry, her hands must fly,
 And busy her feet must be;
 First she must make some rolls and cake,
 And put them in her stove to bake,
 For company's coming to tea.

Now her clothes are dry, and she must try
 To iron them very soon;
 For there's sweeping to do, and mending too,
 And then her children, Rose and Lou,
 She must dress for afternoon.

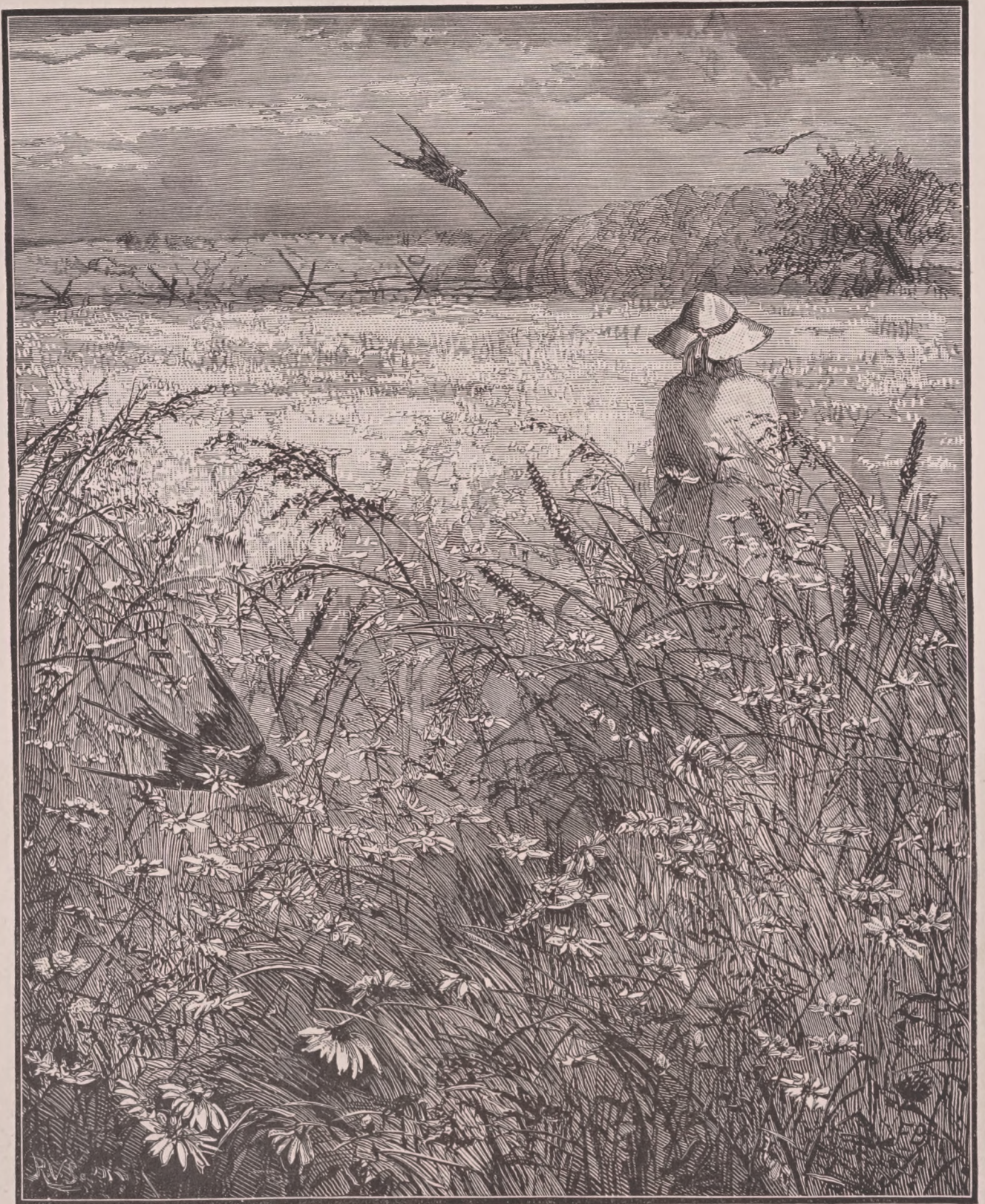


And then in haste, no time to waste,
 Her children's beds she makes;
 Then she must see that the dishes for tea
 Are washed as clean as they can be,
 And with these great pains she takes.

Should you not think that she would sink
 With so much work to do?
 But, strange to say, throughout the day,
 Many an hour she'll find to play,
 And help her mamma too.



TAKING COMFORT IN ONE'S OWN HOUSE.



PRETTY Lill of Littleton sauntered through the grass;
The very birds and butterflies stopped to see her pass;
All the daisies nodded to the maiden coming by,
And leaned across the pathway left behind her.
“Art hurt?” they asked each other. Each gayly laughed, “Not I!
We bowed too low, but really we don’t mind her.
To see so fair a maiden pass, has really quite unstrung us:
But we ’ll straighten up, and ready be when next she comes among us.”

JEMIMA BROWN.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

BRING her here, my little Alice—
Poor Jemima Brown!
Make the little cradle ready,
Softly lay her down.
Once she lived in ease and comfort,
Slept on couch of down;
Now upon the floor she's lying—
Poor Jemima Brown!

Once she was a lovely dolly,
Rosy-cheeked and fair
With her eyes of brightest azure,
And her golden hair.
Now, alas! no hair's remaining
On her poor old crown;
And the crown itself is broken—
Poor Jemima Brown!

Once her legs were smooth and comely,
And her nose was straight;
And that arm, now hanging lonely,
Had, methinks, a mate.

Ah, she was as finely dressed as
Any doll in town.
Now she's old, forlorn and ragged—
Poor Jemima Brown!

Yet be kind to her, my Alice!
'T is no fault of hers
If her willful little mistress
Other dolls prefers.
Did *she* pull her pretty hair out?
Did *she* break her crown?
Did *she* tear her arms and legs off?
Poor Jemima Brown!

Little hands that did the mischief,
You must do your best
Now to give the poor old dolly
Comfortable rest.
So we'll make the cradle ready,
And we'll lay her down;
And we'll ask papa to mend her—
Poor Jemima Brown!



"LITTLE BOY BLUE, COME BLOW YOUR HORN,
THE SHEEP'S IN THE MEADOW, THE COW'S IN THE CORN!"

THE MOUSE.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



I'M only a poor little mouse, ma'am!
 I live in the wall of your house, ma'am!
 With a fragment of cheese, and a *very* few peas,
 I was having a little carouse, ma'am!

No mischief at all I intend, ma'am!
 I hope you will act as my friend, ma'am!
 If my life you should take, many hearts it would break,
 And the trouble would be without end, ma'am!

My wife lives in there in the crack, ma'am!
 She's waiting for me to come back, ma'am!
 She hoped I might find a bit of a rind,
 For the children their dinner do lack, ma'am!

'T is hard living there in the wall, ma'am!
 For plaster and mortar will pall, ma'am,
 On the minds of the young, and when specially hung-
 Ry, upon their poor father they'll fall, ma'am!

I never was given to strife, ma'am!
 (*Don't* look at that terrible knife, ma'am!)
 The noise overhead that disturbs you in bed,
 'T is the rats, I will venture my life, ma'am!

In your eyes I see mercy, I'm sure, ma'am!
 Oh, there's no need to open the door, ma'am!
 I'll slip through the crack, and I'll never come back,
 Oh, I'll NEVER come back any more, ma'am!

THE PUMP AND THE STAR.

WITH a hop, skip and jump,
We went to the pump,
To fill our kettles with starch;
He bade us good-day
In the pleasantest way,
With a smile that was winning and arch.



“O Pump!” said I,
“When you look up on high,
To gaze on the morning star,

Does it make you sad,
Oh, Pumpy, my lad,
To think she's away so far?"

Said the Pump, "Oh, no,
For we've settled it so
That but little my feelings are tried;
For every clear night
She slides down the moonlight,
And shines in the trough by my side."



THE OWL, THE EEL AND THE WARMING-PAN.

THE owl and the eel and the warming-pan,
They went to call on the soap-fat man.
The soap-fat man, he was not within;
He'd gone for a ride on his rolling-pin;
So they all came back by the way of the town,
And turned the meeting-house upside down.

PUNKYDOODLE AND JOLLAPIN.

OH, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!
How does the Emperor take his tea?
He takes it with melons, he takes it with milk,
He takes it with syrup and sassafras silk.
He takes it without, he takes it within;
Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!

Oh, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!
 How does the Cardinal take his tea?
 He takes it in Latin, he takes it in Greek,
 He takes it just seventy times a week.
 He takes it so strong that it makes him grin;
 Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!



Oh, Pillykin, Willykin Winky Wee!
 How does the Admiral take his tea?
 He takes it with splices, he takes it with spars,
 He takes it with jokers and jolly jack-tars:
 And he stirs it round with a dolphin's fin;
 Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!

Oh, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!
 How does the President take his tea?
 He takes it in bed, he takes it in school,
 He takes it in Congress against the rule.
 He takes it with brandy, and thinks it no sin;
 Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!



LITTLE GUSTAVA.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

LITTLE GUSTAVA sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs,—
But who is this through the doorway comes?
Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,
Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags:
“Ha! ha!” laughs little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim:
“Ha! ha!” laughs little Gustava.

“You want some breakfast, too?” and down
She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown;
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,
While she strokes his shaggy locks, like silk.
“Dear Rags!” says little Gustava.

Up comes her little grey, coaxing cat,
With her little pink nose, and she mews,
“What’s that?”
Gustava feeds her,—she begs for more;
And a little brown hen walks in at the door:
“Good-day!” cries little Gustava.

Waiting without stood sparrow and crow,
Cooling their feet in the melting snow:
“Won’t you come in, good folk?” she cried.
But they were too bashful, and stayed outside,
Though “Pray come in!” cried Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen.
There comes a rush and a flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves so sweet,
With their snowy wings and their crimson feet:
“Welcome!” cries little Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the
mat
With doves and biddy and dog and cat.
And her mother came to the open house-door:
“Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,
My merry little Gustava!”

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,
All things harmless Gustava loves.
The shy, kind creatures ’tis joy to feed,
And, oh! her breakfast is sweet indeed
To happy little Gustava!



LITTLE PEERY; OR, WHAT IT CAME TO.

It was very funny, and I'll tell you how it happened. While busy at work, I heard a wee little noise, and went to see what it was. After looking a long while, I saw something like picture No. 1. What could it be? A period? No, for after getting closer, a little tail peeped out, as you



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.

see in No. 2. I thought it must be a comma; but, looking again, it was like No. 3—one long tail and two short ones. What do you suppose it was? I looked once more, and—mercy!

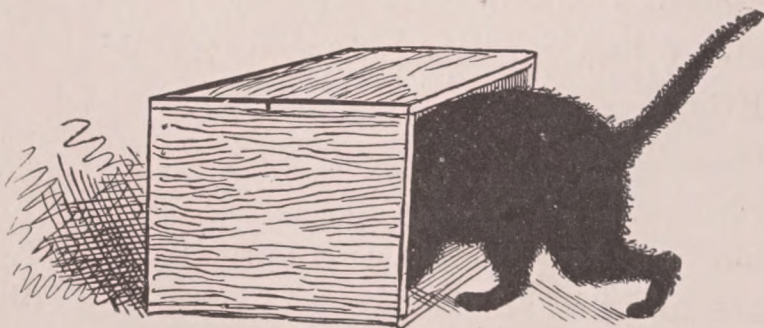


No. 5.

One long tail, and one, two, three, four, five, six short ones. "Perhaps it's alive," said little Johnny, and, sure enough, the next minute out it popped. What! A cat? Yes, here is its picture (No. 5), true to life, and, oh! *so* black it might have been

in mourn-

ing for a whole family. Ethel named it "Peery," because it looked so much like a period when she first saw it; so we all called it Peery. Is n't that a queer name?



No. 6.

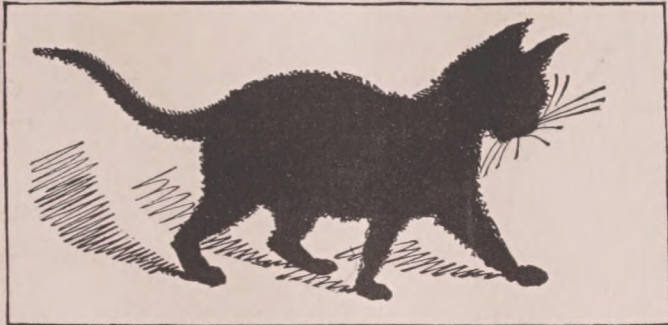
Well, Peery had n't been here long before he crawled into a box like the one you see here (No. 6). Did you ever hear of such a very funny kitty? But when he fell into the pail (picture No. 7), Johnny burst a button off with laughing. You will see in No. 8 how Peery looked in getting out of the pail, all wet.



No. 7.

Well, this strange specimen of a cat stayed with us all day, and cut up the oddest little tricks—rolling on its back, getting under foot, playing with Johnny's ball, and running off with mamma's handkerchief. Once it was lost

in the work-box; but when grandma thought it was a ball of black yarn, and tried to pick it up, she soon found that the ball had claws, and dropped it very quickly. And then Peery picked up the real ball of yarn, which had rolled on the floor, and scampered off into a corner, where he tangled the thread so much with his sharp claws, that Johnny had to wind it all up again. When it was all wound, Johnny



No. 9.

began to scold and tease him, but Peery ran

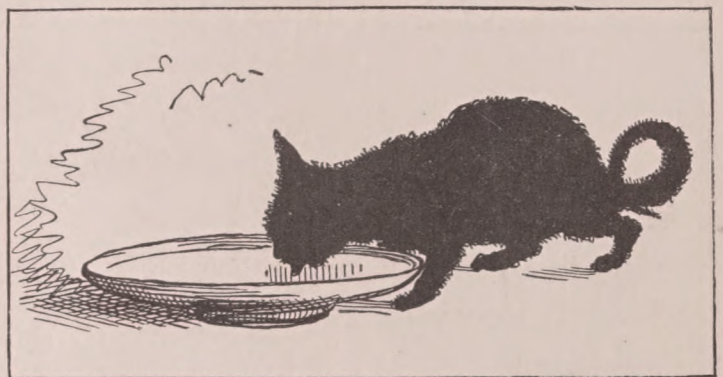
away and hid under the book-shelves. And he would not come out till Johnny tied a string to a little chip of wood, and dragged it before the shelves. Then Peery suddenly



No. 8.

jumped out at it, as if it were a mouse.

When night came, little Peery looked so much like the dark that we thought him lost this time, sure enough, until he began meou-meou-meouing (No. 9), and walking about like the Black Prince, when Ethel got it some milk; and here's that funny black Peery eating it (No. 10). See his tail curled up like a letter O. Poor Peery! he ate and ate and ate, growing fatter and fatter, until he could hardly see out of his eyes. But you never could guess where he went to sleep. Why, right in the saucer! See him!



No. 10.

But Peery had an end, and so must my story. He looks so nice and comfortable in the saucer, that we will leave him there sound asleep.



NEVER á night so dark and drear,
Never a cruel wind so chill,
But loving hearts can make it clear,
And find some comfort in it still.



FAIRY UMBRELLAS.

By C. A. D.

THREE fairy umbrellas came up to-day,
Under the pine-tree just over the way ;

And since we have had a terrible rain,
The reason they came is made very plain.

This eve is the fairies' Midsummer ball,
And drops from the pine-tree on them may fall ;

So dainty umbrellas wait for them here,
And under their shelter they 'll dance without fear.

And as you may chance in Summer to meet
These odd little canopies under your feet,

Take care where you step, nor crush them, I pray,
For fear you will frighten the fairies away.

IS N'T IT SO?

By M. M. D.

HARK! hark! O my children, hark!
When the sky has lost its blue
What do the stars sing, in the dark?
“We must sparkle, sparkle, through.”

What do leaves say in the storm,
Tossed, in whispering heaps, together?
“We can keep the violets warm
Till they wake in fairer weather.”

What do happy birdies say,
Flitting through the gloomy wood?
“We must sing the gloom away—
Sun or shadow, God is good.”



AT THE SEA-SIDE.





MILMY-MELMY.

BY RACHEL POMEROY.

MANY hundred years ago,
 People say,
 Lived in busy Rhineland
 Giants gay;
 Folks of mighty stature,
 Made so tall,
 They would hit the sky in walking—
 Stars and all.

When one stretched him on a mountain
 For a nap,
 Why, the clouds would fit him
 Like a cap;
 In the valley under
 Sprawled his toes;
 How he could get out of bed
 No one knows!

Did he snore a little loudish
 (Do you wonder)?
 People only thought it
 Heavy thunder.
 Did he have the nightmare,
 Knock-a-knock!
 Everybody grimly muttered:
 "Earthquake shock!"

One of these tremendous fellows,
 I suppose,
 Could have hung your father
 On his nose.
 Half a score like *you*, sir,
 (Don't look pale!)
 Might have straddled see-saw
 His thumb-nail.

He'd have been a crony
 Worth the knowing!
 For they were the kindest
 Creatures going.
 So good-natured, somehow,
 In their ways;
 Not a bit like naughty giants
 Now-a-days.

Well, the biggest one among 'em,
 So they tell me,
 Had a pretty daughter—
 Milmy-Melmy;
 Ten years old precisely—
 To a T;
 Stout enough to make a meal of
 You and me.

On her birthday, Milmy-Melmy,
 All alone,
 Started on a ramble—
 Unbeknown.
 Left her toys behind her
 For a run;—
 Big as elephants and camels,
 Every one.

Through the country, hill and valley,
 Went she fast;
 Willows bent to watch her
 As she passed;
 Hemlock slender, poplar
 Straight and high,
 Brushed their tops against her fingers,
 Tripping by.

Half a mile to every minute—
 Like enough,
 Though she found the going
 Rather rough;
 Men folk, glancing at her,
 Cried aloud:
 "We shall have a shower shortly—
 See the cloud!"

Milmy-Melmy thought it rather
 Jolly play
 Nurse to leave behind, and
 Run away;
 In her life (imagine
 If you can)
 She had never seen a woman,
 Or a man.

Three times thirty leagues of trudging
 (Listen now)
 Brought her to a plowman
 At his plow;
 Getting rather tired,
 Stubbed her toe;
 Stooped to see what sort of pebble
 Hurt her so.

Picking up the plow and plowman,
 Oxen, too,
 Milmy-Melmy stared at
 Something new!
 Stuck them in her girdle,
 Clapped her hands
 Till the mountain echoes answered
 Through the lands.

"Here's a better birthday present,"
 Shouted she,
 "Than the leather dollies
 Made for me.
 These are living playthings—
 Very queer;
 La! the cunning little carriage—
 What a dear!"

So into her apron, tying
 The new toy,
 Off she hurried homeward
 Full of joy;
 Stood it on a table
 In the hall;
 Ran to bring her father to it,
 Told him all.

"Milmy-Melmy," cried the giant,
 "What a shame!
 You must take the plaything
 Whence it came.
 These are useful workers,
 Daughter mine,
 Getting food for human beings,—
 Corn and wine.

"Never meddle with such tiny
 Folks again;
 Only ugly giants love to
 Trouble men."
 Milmy-Melmy pouted
 ('T was n't nice),
 But she carried back the playthings
 In a trice.

When she'd made her second journey,
 Little sinner
 Really felt too tired
 For her dinner
 So to bed they put her,
 Right away,
 And she had her birthday pudding
 The next day.

What the plowman did about it,
 Mercy knows!
 Must have thought it funny,
 I suppose.
 If you want a moral,
 Ask a fly
 What he thinks of giants such as
 You and I!



TOTTY'S ARITHMETIC.

By E. S. F.

ONE little head, worth its whole weight in gold,
Over and over a million times told.

Two shining eyes, full of innocent glee,
Brighter than diamonds ever could be.

Three pretty dimples, for fun to slip in,
Two in the cheeks and one in the chin.

Four lily fingers on each baby-hand,
Fit for a princess of sweet Fairy-land.

Five on each hand, if we reckon Tom Thumb,
Standing beside them, so stiff and so glum!

Six pearly teeth just within her red lips,
Over which merriment ripples and trips.

Seven bright ringlets, as yellow as gold,
Seeming the sunshine to gather and hold.

Eight tiny waves running over her hair,
Sunshine and shadow, they love to be there.

Nine precious words that Totty can say;
But she will learn new ones every day.

Ten little chubby, comical toes;
And that is as far as this lesson goes.

THE SLEEPING BLOODHOUND.



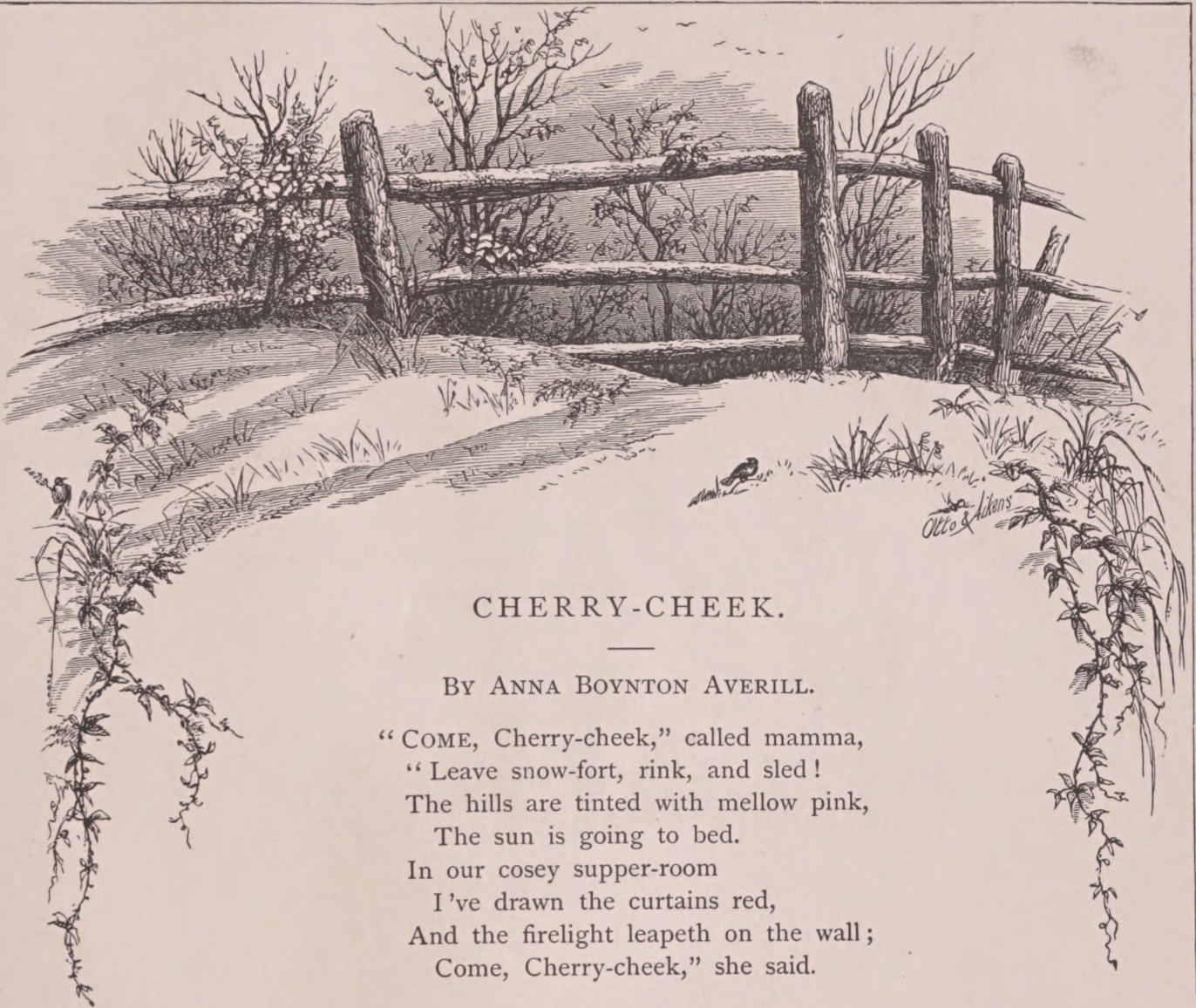
(From a painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.)



Two little girls are better than one,
 Two little boys can double the fun,
 Two little birds can build a fine nest,
 Two little arms can love mother best.
 Two little ponies must go to a span;
 Two little pockets has my little man,
 Two little eyes to open and close,
 Two little ears and one little nose,
 Two little elbows, dimpled and sweet,
 Two little shoes on two little feet,
 Two little lips and one little chin,
 Two little cheeks with a rose shut in;
 Two little shoulders, chubby and strong,
 Two little legs running all day long.
 Two little prayers does my darling say,
 Twice does he kneel by my side each day—
 Two little folded hands, soft and brown,
 Two little eyelids cast meekly down—
 And two little angels guard him in bed,
 "One at the foot, and one at the head."



"HOW MUCH DID YOU GET FOR A PENNY?"



CHERRY-CHEEK.

BY ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

"COME, Cherry-cheek," called mamma,
 "Leave snow-fort, rink, and sled!
 The hills are tinted with mellow pink,
 The sun is going to bed.
 In our cosey supper-room
 I've drawn the curtains red,
 And the firelight leapeth on the wall;
 Come, Cherry-cheek," she said.

And slowly up the steep
 His tiny sled he drew.
 The whole round heavens were soft and calm,
 With not a cloud in view;
 And afar on the edge of the world
 One little silver spark
 Came out alone in a great wide place,
 And waited for the dark.

And he heard, in the frosty air
 Of the dying Winter day,
 His father's coming sleigh-bells chime
 A half-a-mile away;
 A happy little boy,—
 And something made him say,
 "Dear God! what a beautiful world you've made!
 I am glad I was good to-day!"

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD N'T SAY PLEASE.

By M. S. P.



THERE was once a small child who would never say please,
I believe, if you even went down on your knees.
But, her arms on the table, would sit at her ease,
And call out to her mother in words such as these:
"I want some potatoes!" "Give me some peas!"
"Hand me the butter!" "Cut me some cheese!"
So the fairies, this very rude daughter to tease,
Once blew her away in a powerful breeze,
Over the mountains, and over the seas,
To a valley where never a dinner she sees,
But down with the ants, the wasps, and the bees,
In the woods she must live till she learns to say please.

Two little birds once met in a tree,
 One said, "I'll love you if you will love me."
 The other agreed, and they built them a nest,
 And began to keep house with very great zest.
 They lived there all summer, and then flew away;
 And where they are now I really can't say.

THE TRIO.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.



NANNIE CLOVER! Nannie Clover!
 Mind the leaf to turn it over.
 Don't be careless, Billy, don't!
 You can sing well, but you wont.
 Don't keep time with *all* your feet;
 Softer, mind! when you repeat.
 Ready now! and let it ring,
 One,—two,—three,—sing:

"Mary had a little lamb,
 Mary had a little lamb,
 Mary had a little l-a-a-mb,
 Its fleece was white as snow,
 And everywhere that Mary went,
 And everywhere that Mary went,
 And everywhere that Mary we-ent,
 The lamb was sure to go."

Silly creatures, what a bother!
 Making eyes at one another.
 Mind your notes, and look at *me*,—
 I'm the leader, don't you see?
 Faster, Billy! Louder, Nan!
 Wake the echoes if you can.
 Let us make this trio ring,—
 One,—two,—three,—sing:

"Bah! bah! black sheep,
 Got any wool?
 O yes! master,
 Three bags full:
 One for the master,
 One for the dame,
 And one for the little boy
 That cries in the lane."

MAKE - BELIEVE.

By S. S. H.

"WE 'LL play it 's Christmas, Bessie,
And we 'll have a Christmas tree,
And when it 's all, *all* ready,
We'll call Mamma to see.



"Don't you remember Christmas?
That was the way, you know,—
We could n't see a single thing,
And we did want to so!

"'T was just to s'prise us, Bessie,
And, now, wont it be fun
To make Mamma a Christmas tree,
And call her, when it's done!"

Then Amy stuck the duster-brush
Through the cane seat of a chair,
And she and Bessie went to work—
A merry little pair.

They hung its drooping branches
As full as they could hold;
Trimmed them with motto-papers,
Yellow and green and gold.

With many a gleeful whisper,
And many a cautious "hush!"
Did Bess and Amy make it gay—
That pretty duster-brush.

"Oh! oh!" cried Amy, at the last;
"I never did! Did you?
Just see the sp'endid little things,
And gold a-shinin' through!"

"We have n't any candles,
But we 'll play the whole day-light
Is 'cause there's lots of candles
All lit, and burning bright.

"Let 's call Mamma now, Bessie;
And, oh! how s'prised she 'll be
To see we've got a Christmas,
And made a Christmas tree!"

A NEW REGULATION.

If the police were elephants,
Perhaps we 'd have less noise;
'T would be so easy for them then
To "take up" little boys.

The little truants all about
Would quickly know their rule;
They'd pack each fellow in their trunks,
And take him back to school.



LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE MOSQUITO.



SCENE I.



SCENE II.



SCENE III.

MARCH.

IN the snowing and the blowing,
 In the cruel sleet,—
 Little flowers begin their growing
 Far beneath our feet.
 Softly taps the Spring, and cheerily,—
 “Darlings, are you here?”
 Till they answer: “We are nearly,
 Nearly ready, dear.”

“Where is Winter, with his snowing?
 Tell us Spring,” they say;
 Then she answers: “He is going,
 Going on his way.
 Poor old Winter does not love you,—
 But his time is past;
 Soon my birds shall sing above you,—
 Set you free at last!”



AN AUTUMN JINGLE.

I KNOW a little creature,
In a green bed,
With the softest wrappings
All around her head.

When she grows old,
She is hard and can't feel;
So they take her to the mill,
And make her into meal.

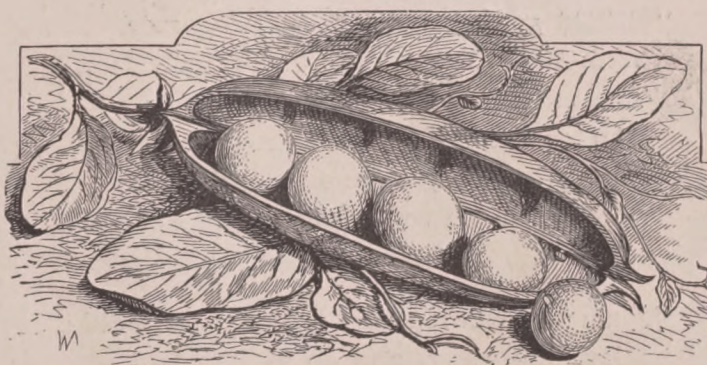




MISTRESS MARY, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?

With silver bells and cockle shells,
And maidens all a row.

MOTHER GOOSE.



FIVE little bald-heads in a green house,—
House and heads together, smaller than a mouse;
Cook opens the door, and out out they all run:
“Bless us!” they say, “now, is n’t this fun?”

OUR DOGS.

BY S. S. COLT.



"*I* AM the Greyhound, so slim, you know ;
I came from Asia long, long ago.
In Turkey, I'm called the 'dog of the street ;'
In Ireland, I the wolf can beat ;
In Italy, I am a lady's pet ;
All over the world my race is met."



"Shaggy, and gaunt, a Deerhound am *I*,
Chasing the deer with death in my eye.
Swift, steady and sure, I follow the trail ;
I never tire and I never fail.
To the stately stag no mercy I show,
And little of friendship with man I know."



"*I* am the Bloodhound, and *man* is my game
As the Sleuth-hound of old I won my fame.
'Twixt England and Scotland I helped keep
order,
And many a thief have chased o'er the border.
I am known afar by my deep-toned bay,
And my terrible race is passing away."



"*I* was born in the Kingdom of Snow ;
For my mistress deathless love I show.
I'm wayward, and *will* bark evermore,
When friend or foe knocks at the door.
There's fire and love in my soft, black eye,
The white and shaggy Spitz-dog am *I*."



"Behold *me* here—of the Bull-dog race,
With short, strong jaws and a surly face.
The mighty bull I venture to fight ;
And even the lion dreads my bite.
But, as a breed, we're not very wise,
And not much soul looks out of our eyes."



"*I* am the Newfoundland, trusty and bold ;
I love the water, and do as I'm told.
I am sometimes rough in my bounding play ;
Please to excuse it—'t is only my way.
And many a life I've been known to save
From the cruel depth of the treach'rous wave."

"The Spaniel am *I*,—in Spain I was found,
But in every land I have been renowned.
I am always faithful, docile and wise;
I have silken hair and beautiful eyes.
You may treat me well, or treat me ill,
While I live, and you live, I'll love you still."



"Black and Tan Terrier! Yes, I am one,
Bold, handsome and faithful—brimful of fun!
A hundred rats lie slain in a day;
From earth-retreats I drive out my prey:
And so it happens, from *terra*, 'earth,'
(An old Latin word), my name has birth."

"*I* am the Mastiff—a watch-dog true;
Many a noble deed I do.
In England I'm yellow,—in Europe, white,
And my bay sounds far through the silent night.
I've fought the lion, and conquered the bear;
My friends I protect—let my foes beware."



"*My* name is Barry, of the St. Bernard;
When the snows drift deep and the wind blows
hard,
You may hear my bark, and see me flying,
To guide the lost and rescue the dying!
Although I wear no collar of gold,
All over the world my praise is told."

"*I*, the Irish Wolf-dog, next appear,
With my pointed nose and ears so queer.
I guard the meek sheep by hills and vales,
And keep them safe when the wolf assails;
As much as the shepherd's dog I know,
And I'm stronger far to fight the foe."



"*I* am the Dog of the Esquimaux,—
I drag their sledges over the snow;
I can run and leap—I laugh at the cold;
I'm kind and true, and I'm strong and bold.
In ice-bound huts with my masters I dwell;
I toil for them, and they love me well."



NIKOLINA.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

O TELL me, little children, have you seen her—
The tiny maid from Norway, Nikolina?
O, her eyes are blue as corn-flowers 'mid the corn,
And her cheeks are rosy red as skies of morn!

O buy the baby's blossoms if you meet her,
And stay with gentle words and looks to greet her;
She'll gaze at you and smile and clasp your hand,
But no word of your speech can understand.



Nikolina! Swift she turns if any call her,
As she stands among the poppies hardly taller,
Breaking off their scarlet cups for you,
With spikes of slender larkspur, burning blue.

In her little garden many a flower is growing—
Red, gold, and purple in the soft wind blowing;
But the child that stands amid the blossoms gay
Is sweeter, quainter, brighter even than they.

O tell me, little children, have you seen her—
This baby girl from Norway, Nikolina?
Slowly she's learning English words, to try
And thank you if her flowers you come to buy.



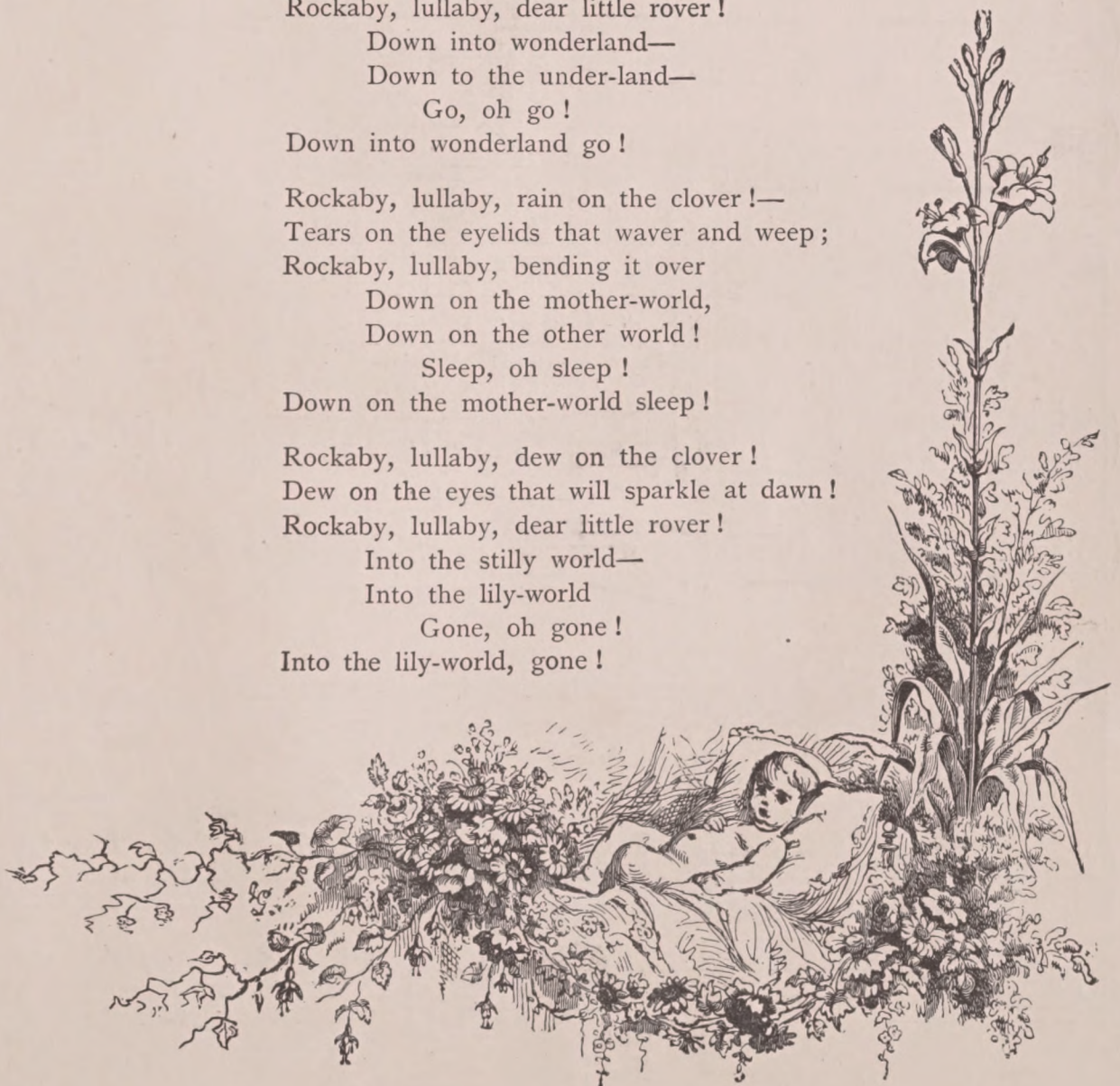
A LULLABY.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

ROCKABY, lullaby, bees in the clover!—
 Crooning so drowsily, crying so low—
 Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
 Down into wonderland—
 Down to the under-land—
 Go, oh go!
 Down into wonderland go!

Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover!—
 Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep;
 Rockaby, lullaby, bending it over
 Down on the mother-world,
 Down on the other world!
 Sleep, oh sleep!
 Down on the mother-world sleep!

Rockaby, lullaby, dew on the clover!
 Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn!
 Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
 Into the stilly world—
 Into the lily-world
 Gone, oh gone!
 Into the lily-world, gone!



SIPPITY SUP.

Words by "ALBA."*

Music by F. BOOTT.

Allegro Moderato.

1. Sip - pi - ty sup, Sip - pi - ty sup, Bread and milk from a
 2. Dip - pi - ty dash, Dip - pi - ty dash, Wash his face with a
 3. Rip - pi - ty rip, Rip - pi - ty rip, Un - tie his strings with a
 4. Trit - te - ry trot, Trit - te - ry trot, Off, off he goes to his

mf

chi - - na cup, Bread and milk from a bright sil - ver spoon,
 mer - ry splash! Pol - ish it well with a nice tow - el fine,
 pull and a slip; Down go his pet - ti-coats on to the ground, And a-
 pret - ty cot, Where he falls fast a - sleep with a sweet lit - tle song, Where the

Made of a piece of the bright sil - ver moon! Sip - pi - ty sup, Sip - pi - ty sup,
 Oh, how his eyes and his red cheeks will shine! Dip - pi - ty dash, Dip - pi - ty dash,
 way now he dan - ces a - round and a - round! Rip - pi - ty rip, Rip - pi - ty rip,
 an - gels watch o - ver him all the night long! Trit - te - ry trot, Trit - te - ry trot,

*Last verse.**col. canto.....*

Sip - pi - ty, Sip - pi - ty sup.
 Dip - pi - ty, Dip - pi - ty dash.
 Rip - pi - ty, Rip - pi - ty rip.
 Trit - te - ry, Trit - te - ry trot.

f

(* Little Folk Songs.) *a tempo.*
ped.

BYE, BABY, BYE!

Words by MRS. M. M. DODGE.

Music by HUBERT P. MAIN.

Slow, with simplicity.

p Legato,

f p

1. Bye, ba-by, day is o-ver, Bees are drows-ing in the clo-ver;
 2. Bye, ba-by, birds are sleeping; One by one the stars are peep-ing;
 3. Bye, ba-by, moth-er holds thee, Lov-ing, ten-der care en-folds thee;

p pp

Bye, ba-by, bye!
 Bye, ba-by, bye!
 Bye, ba-by, bye!

Now the sun, to bed is glid-ing,
 In the far off sky they twin-kle,
 An-gels in thy dreams ca-ress thee,

Rit.

1 & 2. 3.

All the pret-ty flow'rs are hid-ing—Bye, ba-by, bye!
 While the cows come, tin-kle, tin-kle,—Bye, ba-by, bye!
 Thro' the darkness guard and bless thee—Bye, ba-by, bye!

Rit.

p

CAN A LITTLE CHILD, LIKE ME?

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Words by MARY MAPES DODGE.

Music by WM. K. BASSFORD.

With Spirit.

1. Can a lit - tle child, like me, Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting - ly?
2. For the fruit up - on the tree, For the birds that sing of Thee,

rit......

Yes, oh yes! be good and true, Pa - tient, kind in all you do;
For the earth in beau - ty drest, Fa - ther, moth - er and the rest,

a tempo. ————— *rit.*..... ————— *p slow.*

Love the Lord and do your part, Learn to say with all your heart: Fa - ther, we
For Thy pre-cious, lov - ing care, For Thy boun-ty ev - ry-where, Fa - ther, etc.

mf > ————— *f* —————

thank Thee! Fa - ther, we thank Thee! Fa-ther in Heav-en, we thank Thee!

COMMENTS ON ST. NICHOLAS,

From the "Little Folks Department" of which, Baby Days has been compiled.

"ST. NICHOLAS, the best of all children's magazines."
—*London Spectator*.

"We wish we could point out its equal in our own periodical literature."—*London Daily News*.

"ST. NICHOLAS is the King of all publications issued for the young on either side of the Atlantic."—*Southampton (Eng.) Observer*.

"It is not too much to say that it is the very best magazine of its kind with which we are acquainted."—*John Bull, London*.

"ST. NICHOLAS is the children's magazine *par excellence*. No present could be given to a child more acceptable than a subscription to ST. NICHOLAS."—*Royal Gazette, St. John's, N. F.*

"There is a perpetual fund of humor in ST. NICHOLAS; some of the comic illustrated verses are imitable."—*London Court Circular*.

"We can recommend ST. NICHOLAS for honesty of purpose and sound moral teaching."—*London European Mail*.

"ST. NICHOLAS is in every respect admirable; its literary contents are of a high class, and the illustrations reach a standard seldom equaled in magazines."—*Liverpool Daily Courier*.

"ST. NICHOLAS is, without doubt, unequalled in every department. No English magazine can equal it in illustrations, neither can any English magazine approach it in real humor or originality."—*Mercury (Eng.) Derby*.

"There is no magazine for the young that can be said to equal this choice production of SCRIBNER'S press. All the articles are throbbing with vitality."—*London Literary World*.

"In the avalanche of immoral literature that threatens the children, some strong, vitally wholesome, and really attractive magazine is required for them, and ST. NICHOLAS has reached a higher platform, and commands for this service wider resources in art and letters than any of its predecessors or contemporaries."—*New-York Tribune*.

"ST. NICHOLAS is full of the choicest things. The publication is, in all respects, the best of its kind. We have never yet seen a number that was not surprisingly good."—*The Churchman*.

"Picture to yourself what a magazine for children ought to be; how bright and winning in contents, how pure and stimulating in teaching, how resplendent with pictures, and then turn over the pages of ST. NICHOLAS and find your ideal realized."—*Boston Journal*.

"The most charming magazine for children that is published in the United States, or in any country."—*Inter-Ocean, Chicago*.

"We have seen many a ruined family and many a bright youth, whose troubles have arisen altogether from the kind of literature which was stealthily introduced into the house. * * What is the remedy? We say not by debarring the child from all that might naturally interest it, but by providing with great care and discretion, matter which would at once attract the attention, entertain and instruct. The *St. Nicholas Magazine*, beyond everything that we know of this sort, while it is most eagerly sought by children everywhere, is free from all the faults which we deprecate. It is under the editorship of one with rare endowments. Mothers, therefore, who best know the special wants and cravings of childhood, and whose interest in children is deepest, cannot make a mistake if they encourage a magazine beautifully illustrated, carefully edited, and sustaining the highest moral standard."—*Episcopal Register*.

"ST. NICHOLAS is a source of delight to all boys and girls, while older people, into whose sight it comes, will find it difficult to keep their hands off it."—*Methuendist, New-York*.

"It is a delightful magazine for all children between five and eighty-five."—*Christian Union*.

"This unrivaled magazine (*St. Nicholas*), for young folks of both sexes, has been so highly praised by us hitherto, that we can hardly find words to characterize the perfection it has attained. Its pages are pure as crystal, full of refining and educating influences, and yet as fascinating as fairy lore from beginning to end. The ablest minds in the world contribute to the entertainment of the young through its columns, and the masters of art are engaged in producing its charming illustrations."—*Bangor (Me.) Whig and Courier*.

"The aim of the publishers to make this (*St. Nicholas*) an ideal children's magazine is pretty nearly being realized."—*Pacific Churchman*.

"Mary Mapes Dodge has made it so bright, so entertaining, and, withal, so instructive, that there is no reason to wonder at its popularity."—*N. Y. Express*.

"As for *St. Nicholas*, it is but simple truth to say that it is the prince of publications (*facile princeps*) for the young. No other approaches it."—*Piedmont Virginian*.

"*St. Nicholas* ought to be a regular visitor in every home where there are children to be protected from corrupt and corrupting literature, and educated into correct literary taste."—*The Literary World*.

"Incomparably the best magazine for children in the world."—*The Golden Rule*.

"We thought the first number was nearly perfect, but it has been going on to perfection ever since."—*The Advance*.

"ST. NICHOLAS is the very best magazine for young people that I have ever seen."—*Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, the Literary Editor of the Philadelphia Press*.

"I am ready to say that a cleaner, purer, more trustworthy periodical for children cannot be named."—*Rev. C. S. Robinson, D. D., in the Sunday School Times*.

"It is little to say of this magazine that it is the best child's periodical in the world."—*John G. Whittier*.

"It surpasses any Children's Year-Book, English or American, that I have ever seen." * * * * *

Edmund C. Stedman.

"If there is one thing we do envy the youngsters in, it is ST. NICHOLAS."—*The Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

"ST. NICHOLAS stands at the head."—*Baptist Teacher*.

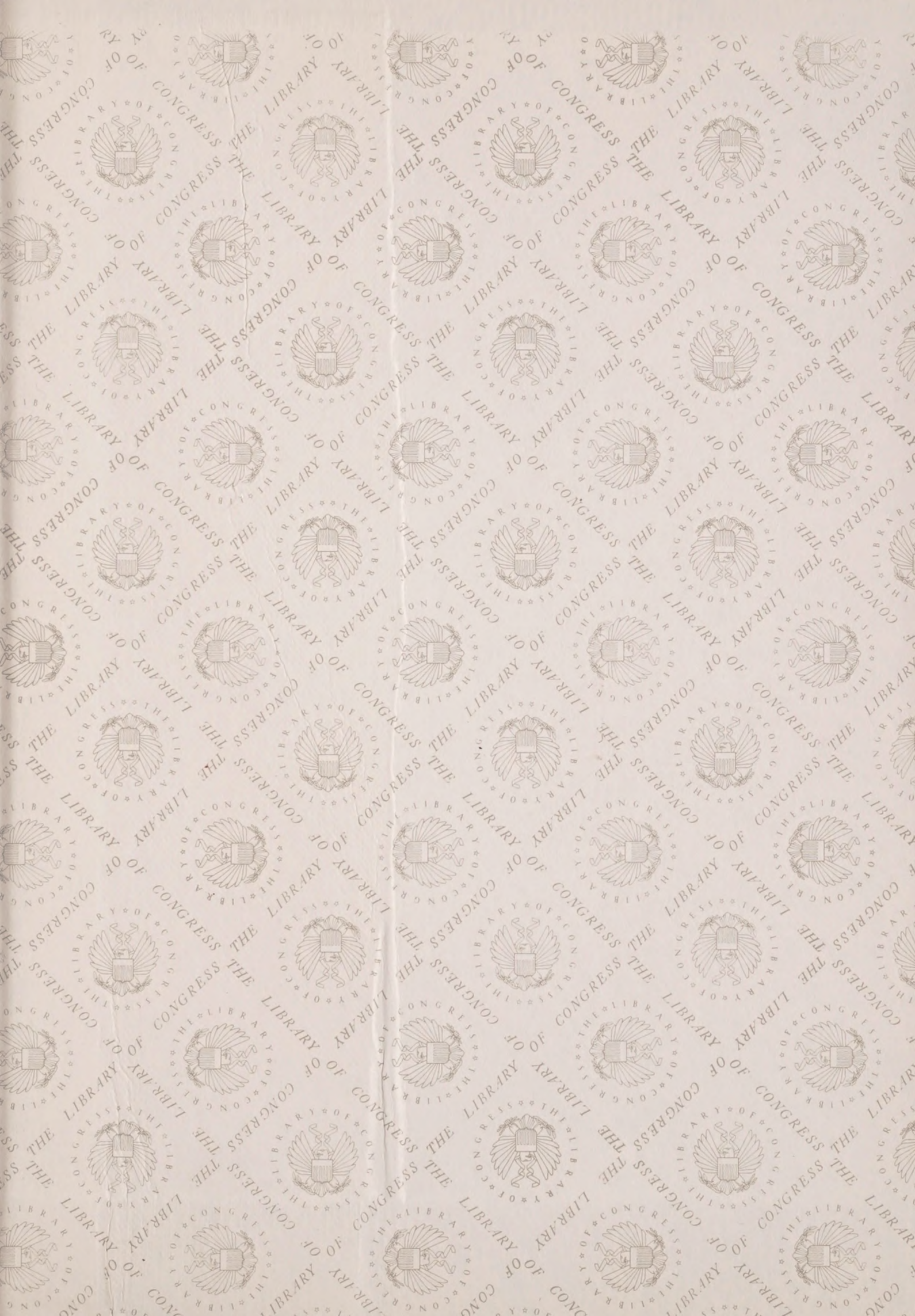
"It easily leads the world of children's literature. * * * And we think how efficient a thing in our civilization such a magazine would be if it came to the majority of the children in this country."—*Hartford Courant*.

"In all the history of American periodicals for youth none has equaled ST. NICHOLAS in merit and elegance."—*Boston Globe*.

"It is really astonishing for its beauty, excellence and cheapness. It is singular that it can be published at its low subscription price, but we suppose that the intelligence of the country is so great as to create an immense demand, which enables the publishers to constantly increase the attractions of this delightful periodical."—*Philadelphia Record*.

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